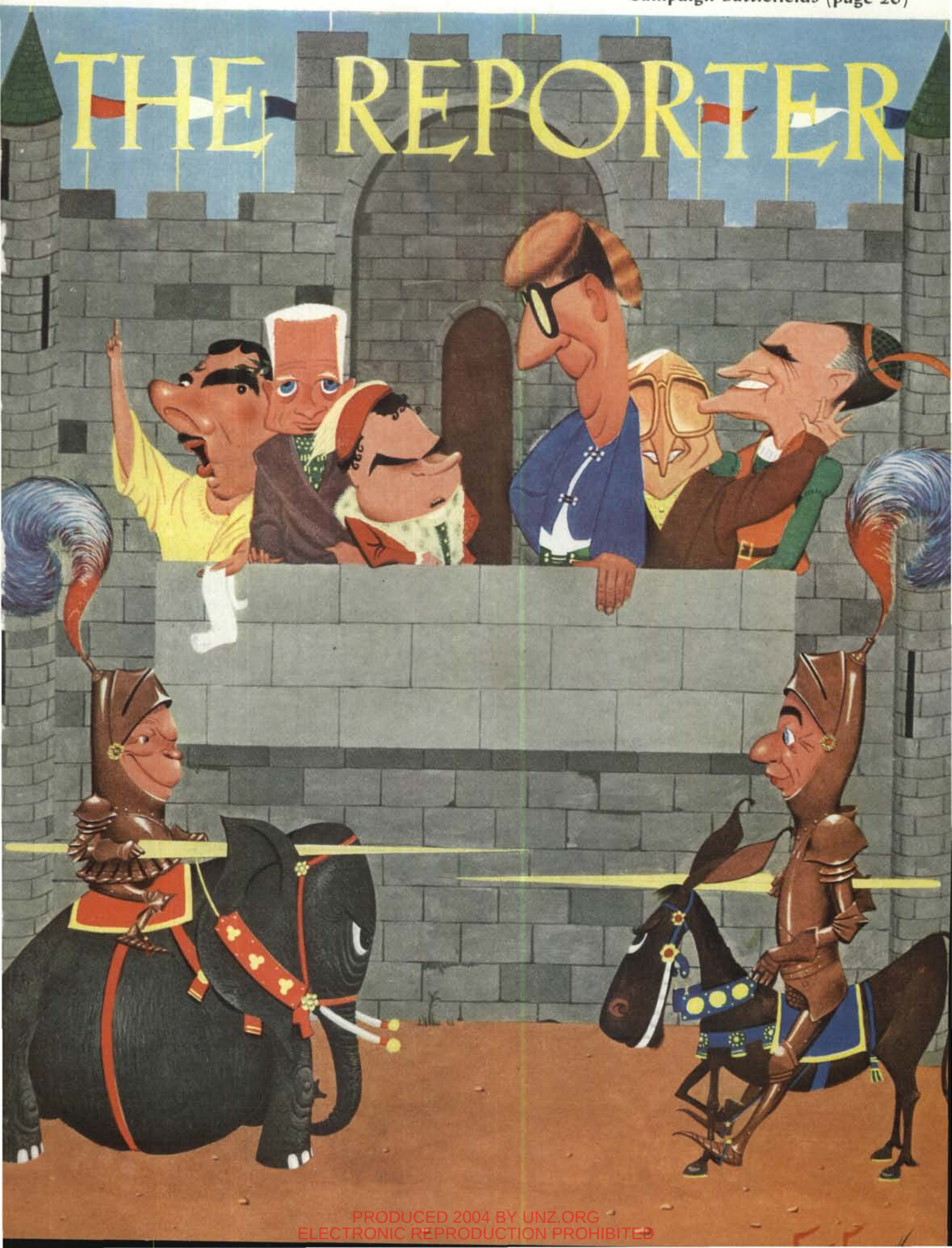
PEACE—THE FORBIDDEN ISSUE

October 18, 1956 25¢

Campaign Battlefields (page 20)

THE REPORTER



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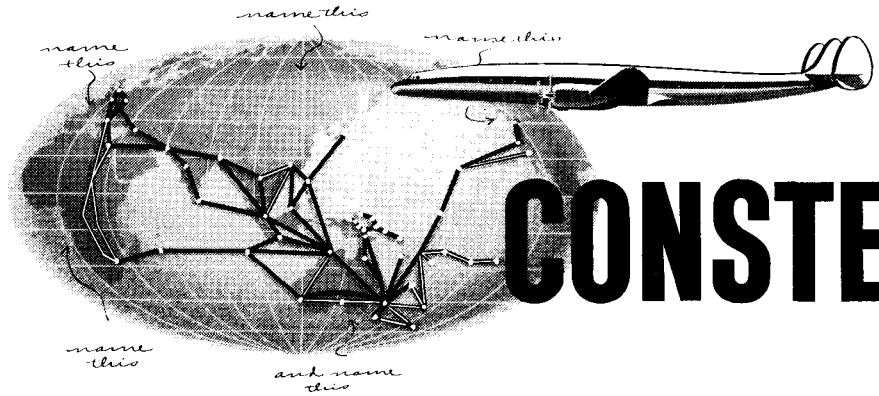
ARCHDUKE! COMMUTE TO THE NEW JOB BY SUPER-G CONSTELLATION!



[*What has happened ere now*] *Qantas, in a flight of Graustarkian derring-do, changed the name of the South Pacific to the* ***Archduchy of Qantasylvania.*** *This stroke has not set too well with our competitors; they thirst for revenge. Unless we act with all speed the rascals will, we feel sure, impose their own names on the five continents that Qantas serves; viz., North America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia. You wouldn't want that, would you? Of course not. What we've got to do, then, is scoop them and rename the continents ourselves. We need your help.*

Meanwhile, back at the Archduchy . . .

II.

High jinks at the castle! Village girls are strewing the courtyard with hibiscus and the Qantasylvanian Silver Cornet Band—actually a pickup group of beach boys who grouse continually about the high collars and puttees—is practicing up on "To Thee, Qantasylvania," "Hail, All Hail, Vernon VI" (you), and "There'll Be A Hot Time On The Old Atoll Tonight." Your subjects await.

The winner in our Rename the Continents Contest becomes hereditary Archduke (Archduchess) of Qantasylvania and receives a magnificent, emblazoned coat of arms and a family tree going back 22 generations. Plus a stuffed koala bear 5 feet high. Wow! You will, in addition, be empowered to dispense sinecures to relatives, appoint dignitaries and purveyors, and fill vital government posts with fawning friends. Just the other day we interrupted a protocol discussion (whether your mother-in-law, the Dowager Countess, outranks Commander Whitehead) between the Court Chamberlain and the Grand Vizier to tell them to start cleaning out their desks.

Second prize is a Fijian kava bowl, just the thing for convivial occasions, and not unattractive. Third prize is a stuffed 14-pound New Zealand Rainbow Trout; we're sorry we couldn't get a large one for you, but that's the breaks. Fourth through 100th prizes are smallish koala bears and Qantas old school ties, one of each. *All* entrants will receive Certificates of Citizenship in Qantasylvania suitable for framing.

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK *– Deadline December 1, 1956! ! !* *Qantas, Union Square, San Francisco*

Gentle Lieges: Look, we hardly have room in the Great Hall to feed the heirs apparent and the Dowager Countess much less a lot of serfs, vassals, and old family retainers. Still, it's not every day one becomes an Archduke (Archduchess). I think the continents should be renamed:

NORTH AMERICA:_____ AUSTRALIA:_____

AFRICA:_____ ASIA:_____ EUROPE:_____

Australia's Overseas Airline **QANTAS**

NAME:_____

ADDRESS:_____

CITY:_____ STATE:_____

P.S. Say, I hear the Pacific Area Travel Association is giving away an island. Could you send me one of their contest blanks?

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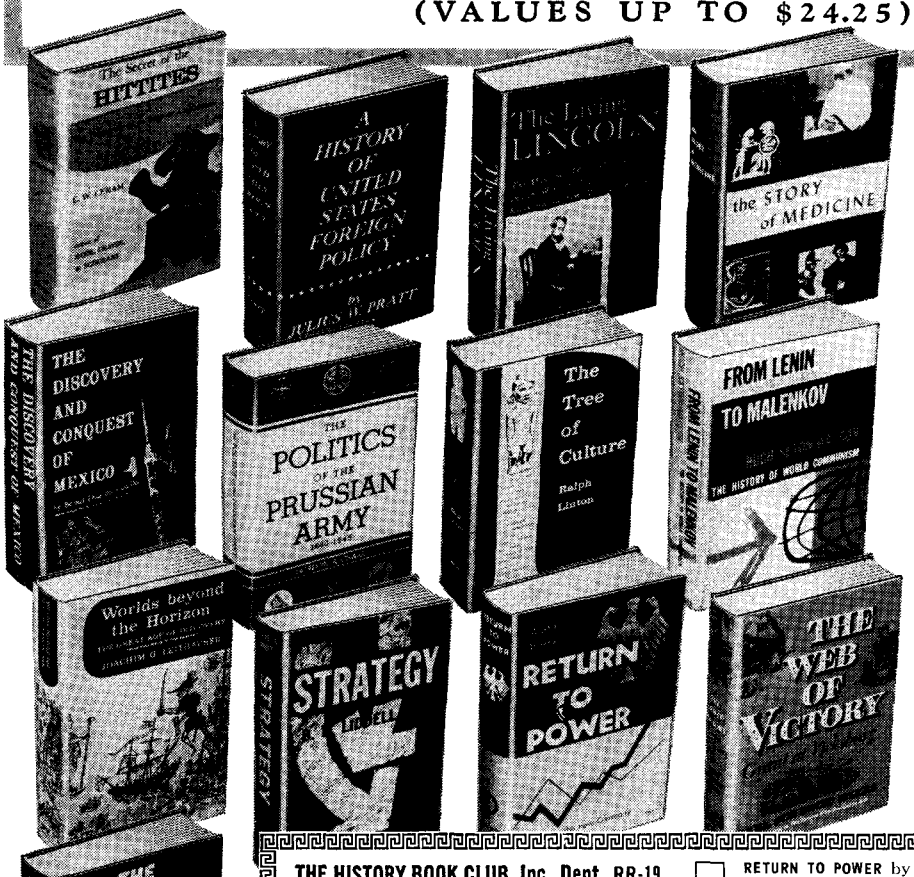

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

With the Candidates

Those who ride the campaign circuit with the candidates soon become accustomed to the ritual of publicity. All was quiet at Union Station in Washington as the black limousine, red lights flashing, moved slowly down the station concourse and as the President and Mrs. Eisenhower quickly mounted the Presidential Special's rear platform. Only the plaintive exhortations of the photographers could be heard as Mr. Eisenhower three times raised his hand overhead and flashed the magic grin.

It was the same way in the dank early morning when we got to Cleveland. A silent procession of notables, led by Senators John W. Bricker and George H. Bender, came marching down the ramp and dutifully lined up outside the train. As the President descended, pink-faced and blinking in the glare of the floodlights, the ritual began again. Few words were exchanged. The camera was boss. One could hear the heavy grunting of Bricker and Bender as they elbowed each other for position in the fleeting limelight.

The game is being played for the unseen electorate. This continual awareness of the absent while staging the drama *with*—not *for*—those present is of course typical of all campaigns and all candidates nowadays. But in the case of the President, who has imposed certain undefinable restrictions on his campaigning this time, it is even more typical.

Mr. Eisenhower has specifically forsworn barnstorming and whistle-stopping. Instead, he has gone in extensively for the practice of "bubble hopping." Wherever two or three are gathered together along the road he quickly emerges from beneath the plastic top of his limousine, both arms upthrust in the familiar victory symbol. Reporters have puzzled over what distinguishes "bubble hopping" from barnstorming "If you can tell me how to get from one place to the other on the ground where I want to go without going through a motorcade, why I would be much obliged . . . ," the President remarked testily when queried about it at a press conference.

If crowds alone are the measure, then the President would seem to have no worry. In Cleveland there was a vast array in the plaza before the Union Terminal. But when the reporter moved back into its depths he quickly discovered that not very far from the speakers' platform, people were conversing or moving in and out on lunch-hour errands.

It was different in Lexington, Kentucky. Exuberant crowds lined the streets and overflowed the huge coliseum. Sparked by a heavy contingent of college students, the cheering for Eisenhower's thrusts at Stevenson, delivered rather sheepishly, seemed to indicate a large reservoir of Republican strength in a normally Democratic area.

Eisenhower bore up well during the one-day trek, his vigor apparently undiminished as we boarded the planes back to Washington.

UNLESS the Republicans carry New Jersey, one G.O.P. official told us quite frankly, their cause is lost. Conversely, the Democrats must get Pennsylvania, according to Democratic campaign manager James Finnegan. Even after we had accompanied Mr. Stevenson on his swing through New Jersey and Pennsylvania we hadn't learned much about the final outcome. Each party appeared to have a slight edge in the state it considered critical.

But again, how to be sure? The reporter learns to mistrust his eyes

SMALL THINGS

"42D STREET FERRY IS ORDERED ENDED"—*New York* Times

Small things are gone; are pilfered one by one
By office Robin Hoods who rob the few
To impoverish many, and who jettison
Tranquillity because it does not pay.

Small things are stolen: the brief interlude
When the trapped city heart swelled with the tide,
Hull-slapping water, wheeling gulls that mewed,
The harbor breeze: the things that do not pay.

They did not pay, the lovers on their heights
On the old city busses, open to wind,
Sun, stars, and all the innocent delights
That can endow the poor, but do not pay.

The world has moved. There is no place for these
Few stragglers from the mighty forward march,
No time for slow ones, taking their small ease
In simple ways, so cheap they do not pay.

No candidate will represent these few,
No government preserve these dispossessed
Who could afford, in backward times, to do
Small things abundantly. They do not pay.

—SEC

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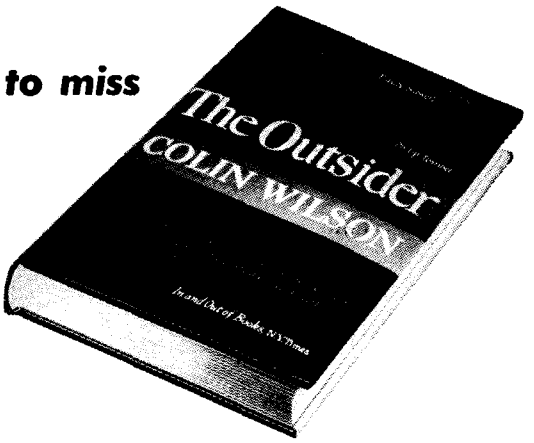

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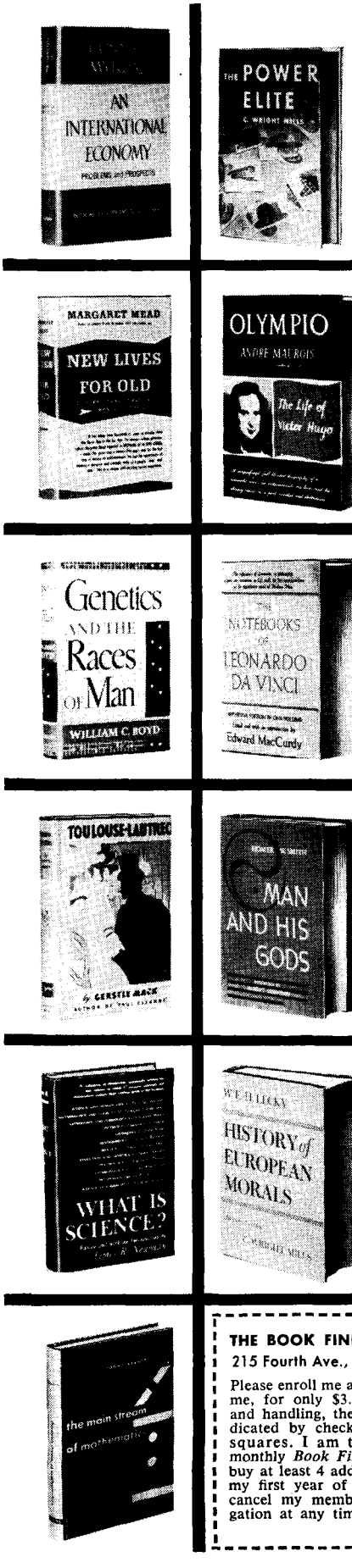

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and ears. In New Jersey's populous Hudson County, which must rack up an overwhelming lead for the Democrats to offset the Republican hinterlands, Boss Kenny staged a spirited show for Stevenson. There had been rumors that Kenny was holding back this time. But Kenny, giving at least the appearance of a man determined to win, issued stern marching orders to the party faithful that night.

We whistle-stopped through the hard-coal regions of Pennsylvania, pockets of discontent where it is hoped enough Democratic votes can be added to the margin in Philadelphia to carry the state. Here the turnouts were more heartening for the Stevenson followers than in New Jersey.

What about the candidate? There is a change from 1952. Today one cannot avoid the impression that Stevenson is firmly in the saddle of a remarkably rejuvenated party. A large portion of credit for that comeback must belong to him. He shows the stress he has borne since last February, surely more intense and unending than that inflicted on any candidate in history. The campaign train is pretty tense, the discussions in the club car eternally preoccupied with what was wrong with the last speech and when he will be ready with the next.

At whistle stops Mr. Stevenson's performance varies considerably. Sometimes the best oratory is delivered to the most unpromising crowds. He usually sounds, as he freely admits, like a man desperately sick of his own voice. When he can, he avoids the cliché, and when he uses one, he frequently adorns it with poetic flavor (". . . small businesses failing like the lovely autumn leaves are falling . . ."). He has an uncanny knack for killing the applause line.

But the crowds that turn out listen with an intentness they seldom give. They don't cheer much and they don't laugh often now that he has been dewitticized. But they do listen.

Hmm, Gosh, Yup

The Republican National Committee's campaign comic book, entitled "Forward With Eisenhower-Nixon," is out. It is committed to the belief that the common man, bless his little vote, always says "Gosh" and "Yup."

The opening panels show a newspaper editor racking his brains for a way to spill his heart out about Ike and Dick. "Those relatives of mine sure did at our family get-together last month. Hmm, won't hurt to pull down the old family album. It might bring back their words."

Unhappily it does. First there's Jim—"My brother Charlie's boy"—and you see him lying in a Korean base hospital, muttering to himself, "Some police action. . . . Isn't one war in a man's life-time more than enough? What sort of politicians do we have in Washington anyhow?"

Jim tells of hearing over the radio about Ike's promise to come to Korea and how "the Democratic politicians said it was just a lot of campaign guff." He was somewhat bewildered. "But Ike kept his word! He came to Korea and the war ended. And not long after, I was hugging Mom so hard that she began yelling for a truce." In something of a *non sequitur* Jim concludes, "Those Commies are tough babies . . . We need a man in the White House who isn't soft."

"Yup," our editor muses, "Jim sure spoke strong words." Then, back at the album, he spots Ann, Jim's lovely bride, gazing at a picture of her loved one while softly murmuring, "I remember what it was like when Truman and his crew were running the country." Then came the election and Jim's automatic return. "That was Ike's wedding present to us!"

There is considerably more in this vein, especially the commentaries of Sam Ross, our editor's brother-in-law and a "fighting mad" farmer. He's not fighting mad at the Republicans, like some farmers you hear about, but only at that miserable "Democrat Congress," which "passed a bill that wouldn't solve our long-run farm problem" but only give farmers the parity prices they've been demanding. Luckily, Ike the "scrapper" was there to veto it.

So, thanks to his garrulous clan, the old editor knows what he has to say—and how to say it: "Gosh, when you add it all up there's only one way to vote . . . Hmm, guess I'll call this editorial 'Peace, Prosperity, Progress.'" Hmm, talk about corn surplus. Gosh!

The Perón Affair

It may have been the heady, subtropical atmosphere of Miami that caused Adlai Stevenson during his speechmaking visit there to attack Milton Eisenhower as the President's own appeaser of Argentina's ousted dictator, Juan Perón. Mr. Stevenson charged that the President's brother had advocated buttering up Perón with massive U.S. dollar aid, although Perón had already been making off with most of the aid we had granted him and putting it into his private bank accounts in Switzerland.

Attacks on a President's family and household may rebound badly. For one thing, Dr. Milton Eisenhower is highly regarded in his own right because of his attainments as an agronomist and educator. For another, it isn't quite clear to what degree he may or may not have advocated more support for Perón on the disputed 1953 mission he undertook for the State Department. But one thing *is* clear—and upon this the President himself, along with Secretary Dulles and such holdover orators as Thomas E. Dewey, have been quick to seize, once Stevenson gave them the opening: The Administration that did give Perón aid and support, to the tune of $100 million, was none other than President Truman's. President Eisenhower's, no matter how advised by his brother, at least managed not to give Perón another cent.

While the Eisenhower Administration appears to have hoped for a while to play ball with the Perón régime, it inherited a particularly ardent ballplayer in Ambassador Albert Nufer, appointed by President Truman. Before him, in turn, had come Ambassadors George S. Messersmith, James Bruce, and Stanton Griffis, all of whom were equally uncritical of Perón. The only ambassador who wasn't, the strong-willed Ellsworth Bunker, lacking solid support from the Democratic Administration, didn't stay long.

If Mr. Stevenson chooses to bring up past diplomatic blunders, that would seem within his right. But he ought not to criticize them in partisan terms only, for the hands of no American of either party who dealt with Perón—except for those of Mr. Bunker—are entirely clean.

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CORRESPONDENCE

MORE ON AIR TRAFFIC

The Reporter's *Correspondence column in the September 6 issue included a letter from Max Karant, vice-president of the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association, criticizing an article by Lawrence H. Berlin entitled "Of Space and Time, and Death in the Air," which had appeared in the August 9 issue. These letters have been received in reply.*

To the Editor: Mr. Karant, as always, presents his ideas in an interesting manner except that he does not state them fully or follow them to a proper conclusion.

He states that the Grand Canyon accident is the latest of a long series of aerial collision accidents involving airline aircraft. It is also the most costly in lives lost and foretells the possibility of others happening. If only one such accident happened, we believe it would be one too many and we would continue our efforts toward prevention of any such possible future occurrences. Mr. Karant points out that a great many aerial collisions have something in common—good flying weather. The reasons for such accidents may have something further in common:

¶ A number of cases involve aircraft going at approximately the same speed in approximately the same direction.

¶ Blind spots in the aircraft visibility pattern are a definite factor.

¶ Angles of vision are such that one of the aircraft is usually aft of abeam the other aircraft prior to collision and one of the aircraft may be almost abeam. Under these conditions it is highly possible that the pilots' ability to see each other would be very restricted and some passengers may be able to see the aircraft approach each other even when the other plane is hidden from their own pilot's view prior to impact.

The CAA has this to say about such Collision Flight Paths in its Report #259:

1. No apparent motion from pilots' viewpoints exists between two aircraft which are flying straight and level on collision courses at constant speeds.

2. The most severe mid-air collision hazard from a visual-angle standpoint exists between aircraft that are flying at small differences of heading and speed. During this condition, even when the closing rates are small and much time is available for evasive maneuver, the visual-angle restrictions of present-day transport aircraft do not permit the pilots to observe each other.

3. Mid-air collisions cannot be avoided by use of the windshield area alone, since extreme visual angles may be required during many collision conditions. However, certain minimal visual angles in aircraft-cockpit design will tend to decrease the probability of mid-air collisions.

WE have been among the first to recognize the limitations of cockpit visibility and are presently co-ordinating with the manufacturers on new plane development to improve this situation. However, cockpit design problems permit only so much cockpit visibility and any improvement in this area will be limited. Therefore the rules must be

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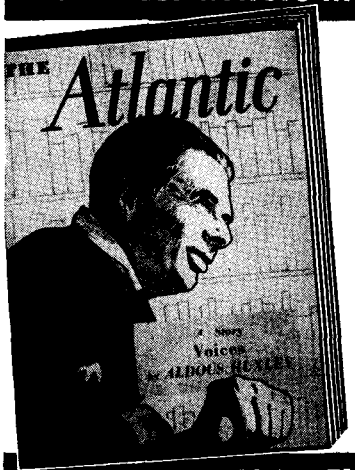

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made to take these limitations into consideration.

In view of the foregoing, it is our well-considered opinion that aircraft flying on collision courses can get into proximity to each other due to speed of convergence or blind spots of the structure, so that traffic separation on high-density airways by the "see and be seen" principle is no longer considered adequate.

We do not know how the Grand Canyon accident happened and we do not believe anyone else does. However, it is obvious that the pilots would not have knowingly flown close to each other. The fact that the two aircraft collided with each other is proof that a deficiency existed which permitted the accident to occur but is not proof of a deficiency in the pilots.

We believe this accident has been a very costly warning to all of us that Air Traffic Control rules for aircraft separation should be more positive. We do not believe we should wait for more costly lessons. The record is clear. Mid-air collisions will happen again unless the airways system and air traffic separation rules are changed to give the airline passenger the protection he has a right to expect on our nation's airways. We are continuing to work with the airline industry to develop more satisfactory protection rules and procedures for air traffic.

We believe that Mr. Karant will constructively apply his efforts in this direction also.

CLARENCE N. SAYEN
President
Air Line Pilots Association
Chicago

To the Editor: Seldom do statistics speak so clearly as they do in the recent "Survey of Research Projects in the Field of Aviation Safety" released by the Daniel and Florence Guggenheim Foundation at Cornell University. Quoting from that report:

"From 1948 through 1955, there were 127 collisions between aircraft of which 52 were fatal. Ninety six of the total were between private planes, and 36 of these were fatal, indicating that the slower speed aircraft are not less dangerous."

The Civil Aeronautics Board, in its report on this subject, offered additional statistics, which, by direct comparison, are extremely enlightening. The CAB reported that, in contrast with the ninety-six collisions between private aircraft, there were sixteen collisions between private aircraft and military aircraft, while private aircraft and air carriers collided in eleven cases.

Speaking again of mid-air collisions, the Guggenheim report states:

"This is a corollary of the Air Traffic Control problem since complete control would presumably eliminate the collision hazard, at least in terminal areas."

It is indeed significant that practically every segment of aviation, military and civil alike, has subscribed to the need for positive air traffic control as the real solution to this problem.

MILTON W. ARNOLD
Vice-President
Operations & Engineering
Air Transport Association
of America
Washington

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SOUTHERN SENSITIVITY

To the Editor: May I, as a reader, thank *The Reporter* for publishing James Prothro's "A Southerner's View of a Southerner's Book"—it was really a beautiful essay in the guise of a book review—in the September 20 issue. I did not know that such a sensitive Southerner with a so-called "white" skin existed at the present time in the South.

MRS. R. C. CHALLMAN
Minneapolis

To the Editor: Freeing of the Negro slaves brought hardship, destruction, and death to many Americans.

Is this a war that will never really die? Can't we learn from our sorrows and accept what is right for our fellow man, black or white, without quarreling among ourselves and creating juvenile demonstrations in streets?

In the sight of God every man is equal. Have we the authority of God to place ourselves upon his throne by judging that the Negro is inferior to us, to our standards?

We enjoy their ability in our sports and their musical talents, but if a Negro makes a scientific discovery vitally important to all mankind there are far too few handshakes of appreciation. Too many people always seem to agree it is an amazing exception that a Negro is capable of greatness.

I remember an incident in my home town of Stafford, Kansas. A fine group of Christian Negro young people, famed for their choral group, were scheduled to sing at the city auditorium. They gave of their time, energy, and talent for a large audience, and then had to drive forty miles for a meal and a place to sleep. Not one café in Stafford would serve them; not one hotel room could they occupy, for it was against a city regulation.

I try to remember a Bible verse which I believe each rioter against integration has forgotten. It begins like this: "Do unto others as you would have them do to you."

MRS. ROBERT L. ROBERTS
Big Spring, Texas

SOCIOLOGICAL OBJECTIVITY

To the Editor: The facility with which sociologese can be translated into English might have indicated to a more modest writer than Malcolm Cowley ("Sociological Habit Patterns in Linguistic Transmogrification," *The Reporter*, September 20) that the feat is not beyond the powers of the average sociologist. I think it's clear that men expounding this pseudo science have a definite purpose in using a pseudo-scientific language. It gives them an air of objectivity.

Such loaded words as "rich," "poor," "help," and "injure" serve the purpose of the novelist and the poet, but they are not good words for a writer who aims at disengaging the reader's emotions.

In discussing the sorority-rush system among college girls, sociologists use the same terms they use in discussing the pecking order among hens. The resulting treatises make most salutary reading for members of college sororities. Also for those who didn't make it.

To ask the sociologist to use the traditional language is to ask him to forfeit his *raison d'être*.

ETHEL STRAINCHAMPS
Springfield, Missouri

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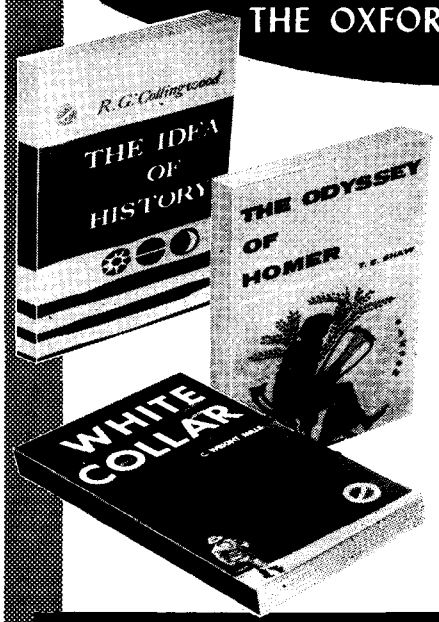

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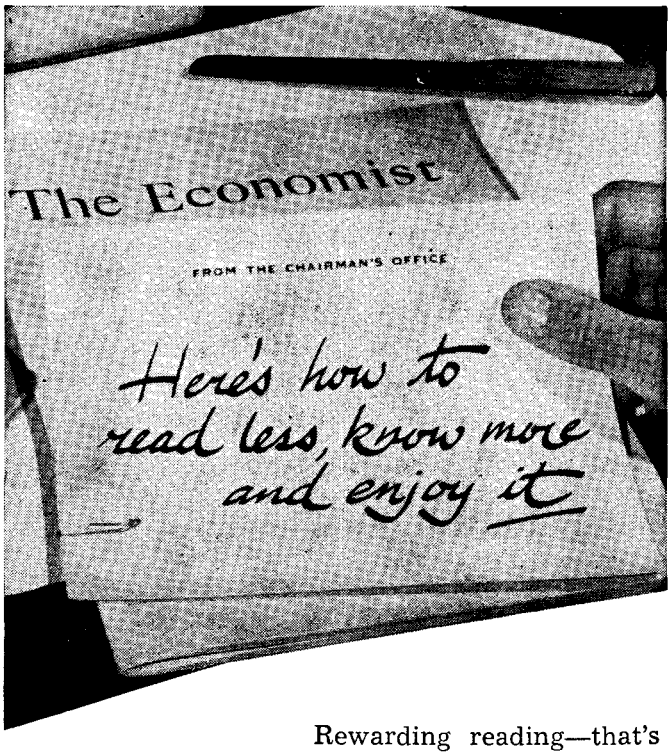

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WHO—

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Max Ascoli's editorial and both leading articles deal with one subject: *John Foster Dulles.* Our readers must not think that it gives us any fun to keep hammering at the words and deeds of this remarkable gentleman. We would like nothing better than to leave him alone—if only he would leave our country alone and retire to Duck Island. Until that day comes we feel that the spotlight must always be kept on what he is doing.

Of course we continue our campaign coverage. **James A. Maxwell,** a frequent contributor to *The Reporter* and a resident of Cincinnati, writes about the Taft Belt. Taft's memory is still a powerful political force in the Midwest. Eisenhower is still considered a usurper. What will the Taftians do? In the Northwest, probably the hottest of all Senatorial contests is going on—certainly the one into which the Republicans are pouring most money. The stalwart Republicans, and not only those in Oregon, want to make Wayne Morse pay a stiff price for having gone over to the Democrats. **Joe Miller** is a free-lance writer who lives in the neighboring state of Washington. **Dale Kramer,** author of the forthcoming book *The Wild Jackasses* (Hastings House), writes on one of the most overwritten subjects in these days of pollster-reporters: hog raisers in Iowa. Yet he manages to be enlightening about it. Our Washington Editor, **Douglass Cater,** tells us about a noteworthy attempt by what is called private enterprise to develop atomic power. The Michigan project is bringing new troubles to Admiral Strauss—an official second only to Secretary Dulles in his talent for getting into hot water. **Charles Abrams,** Commissioner of the New York State Commission Against Discrimination, tells what he thinks the President could and should do about segregation.

John Rosselli, editorial writer for the Manchester *Guardian,* reports on a rather unusual play that is a hit in London. **Mark Schorer** spent the summer lecturing in Japan. A short-story writer, critic, and editor, he is Professor of English at the University of California. **Sidney Hyman** is the author of *The American President.* **Anne Fremantle's** latest book is *The Papal Encyclicals in Their Historical Context.*

Our cover is by **Justin Murray.**

Readers should note that the issue after next, dated November 15, will appear one week late to include comment on the elections.

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MAX ASCOLI

Peace—the Forbidden Issue

"But why this anguished cry of some politicians that we have no peace? Do they think they can make America's parents and wives believe that their sons and husbands are being shot at?"—Dwight Eisenhower, Cleveland, October 1.

ADLAI STEVENSON, the "some politicians" to whom the President referred, has had several sensible things to say lately about peace: that it is not just the absence of shooting war, for instance, and that it means the "building of a community."

But all these sound and familiar thoughts come out muffled. For four years, the air has been saturated with boasts of successes over Communism, of ever-increasing American prestige, and, above all, of peace so securely established that the evidence of it can be seen in the absence of shooting war. For four years, all these good tidings have been brought to our people, all figured out by the fervid imagination of a Secretary of State who probably is the cleverest our nation ever had—a man endowed by his dazzling cleverness with unfettered freedom from consistency. Unquestionably, even if Adlai Stevenson chose to tell the bitter truth about peace in major speeches and not in out-of-the-way communities, even then it would take the exclusive concentration of his great eloquence to clear the air.

But the Democrats have also the Republican claim of "prosperity" to deal with, and undoubtedly they find this job much easier. The more the campaign draws toward its close, the more it seems clear that according to both parties the success of a national Administration can be measured by the amount of cash it brings into the citizens' pockets.

Yet perhaps there is a widespread feeling that the relationship between the citizens and their government is not just that simple; perhaps, we like to think, the oracular farmers of Keokuk County, Iowa, legitimately anxious as they are to make a good living by raising hogs, must somehow feel that a life dedicated to the cause of stuffing dollar bills into pigskin wallets is likely to be rather piggish. Actually, there is too much common sense in our country for people not to be uneasy at the competitive overinsistence of both parties on the advantage and privileges that every single group and individual will derive from their victory.

This accounts, we believe, for the quality of remoteness in this campaign. The last one was fought in the hearts of many of us, and the wounds were so painful that sometimes the old scars still hurt. This time, it seems to be somebody else's campaign. It is extraordinary how many fewer buttons one sees around compared with 1952.

THIS ELECTORAL SEASON does something more than reflect the brazenness of the present Administration and the shyness of the opposition on the subject of peace. Our frivolous diplomacy has become so panicky about entering into any international commitment that foreign governments, in direct proportion to their friendship for us, have become determined not to rely on us any longer. Our most loyal European friends, the leaders of Germany, of Britain, of France, are acting on the assumption that western civilization must no longer depend on the capricious leadership of the United States.

The reaction among our Allies to our incredible performance on Suez marks the point of saturation. Even statesmen whose countries are not directly affected by the Dullesian gyrations, like Chancellor Adenauer, have made it clear now that they have had enough. The Confederation of Europe must be brought into existence, Adenauer and Mollet say—and to prove that they mean what they say, they have quickly ironed out their nations' differences over the Saar. Macmillan of Britain is determined to bring his country into a free-trade complex with the nations of western Europe. This British leadership offers the guarantee that links will be forged between a confederated western Europe and the Commonwealth.

The European unity which at long last is likely to take shape will be somewhat different from the one Dwight Eisenhower used to cherish as NATO's chief. Its purpose will be the containment of both the Soviet Union and the United States in order to deal as an equal with both. United Europe might even, to Secretary Dulles's amazement, manage to be neutral and still Christian.

The day is coming, and coming fast, when our European Allies are going to ask us please to leave the Continent, taking with us bases, atomic gadgets, massive retaliation and all. There might be a sigh of relief—and not only in Europe—when the gates of Fortress America are slammed. For a while then we would freely wallow in prosperity.

UNLESS, of course, the Democratic Party wins both the Congressional and Presidential elections. The Democratic leaders deserve victory if for no other reason than that they have little responsibility for the present plight of our diplomacy. One wonders, however, whether it ever occurs to them that they are running a serious risk of winning.

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The Loneliest Man In Washington

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

JOHN FOSTER DULLES'S first ninety days in office had barely ended when this most communicative of Secretaries of State reported to the nation on the extent to which he had changed if not reversed signals at the State Department. With satisfaction he announced that a new broom had swept out holdovers from the past. There were already installed " . . . *two new Under Secretaries . . . six* new Assistant Secretaries. . . . a new Legal Adviser, a new Counselor, a new Director of the International Information Administration . . . The whole Policy Planning Staff is to go under new direction . . . We are also bringing fresh vision and new vigor into our United Nations mission and into our Embassies abroad. . . . New ambassadors are installed . . . in . . . [there followed a long list of places]."

Concerning the personnel of the Foreign Service that had come under his direction, Dulles had certain reservations, which he expressed publicly in a kind of reverse English: "There is a tendency in some quarters to feel that confidence cannot be placed in these career officials because in the past . . . they served under Democrat [sic] Presidents and Democrat Secretaries of State." Still, "It is, however, easier than most think" (observe how the "some" has been upgraded to "most") for these officials to adapt themselves to the new leadership. For they were, "with rare exceptions," a splendid and patriotic group.

This equivocal praise from the chief was flashed to Foreign Service men around the world. He had already admonished them not only to "loyalty" but to "positive loyalty"—presumably as against something henceforth to be considered mere negative loyalty.

Dulles came into office with a deep desire to disassociate himself from the past, to wipe the slate clean and start afresh according to his own lights. Having declared that the Truman era's policies had "put our nation in the greatest peril it has ever been in the course of its national history . . . ," he evidently looked upon the change of Administration as the mandate for an entire change

of régime. He mistrusted the particular legacy he had come into, and the Secretary had reasons for not standing in awe of professionals in any case. Dulles was no newcomer: He had moved amid international affairs as long as any of them—in fact, ever since the time he had served at the 1907 Peace Conference at The Hague—and mostly he had moved at the top.

There was another basic element in the incoming Secretary's conditioning. Over the decades—first looking back at the time when his grandfather, John W. Foster, had been Secretary of State, then on the years when his uncle, Robert Lansing, had held the office, and finally on the period when it was filled by Dean Acheson, the man he had served in the heyday of bipartisanship as a Republican consultant—Dulles had observed one constant fact. In a nation many of whose people were traditionally inclined to look on foreign affairs as nothing more than foreigners' affairs, the State Department in general and its chief in particular had never been popular at home. Dulles, his friends agree, had wanted ardently since early manhood to be Secretary of State in the family tradition; but what he had kept to himself was that he didn't want to be one like his Uncle Robert, who had had almost as much trouble with the Republicans on the Hill in his day as Acheson had in his. What good was it to put over your policies abroad unless you could also sell yourself at home?

The Search for a Constituency

"The trouble with the State Department," one of Dulles's chief assistants quotes him as saying, "is that it has no constituency like Agriculture or Commerce or Labor." Now a constituency means a body of organized support capable of exerting pressure. In Washington's top bureaucracy, a basic rule holds that one's constituency begins in one's own office. Next one seeks to cultivate the press. Then the road—often strewn with traps—leads upward to the Hill and outward toward the voters.

Secretary Dulles, a world-minded lawyer of phenomenal skill, nimbleness of intellect, indestructible stamina, and a confidence in himself fully justified by his attainments, entered upon his duties quite certain that he

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would be able to overcome the errors, entanglements, and frustrations of his predecessors.

In Dulles's search for constituents, a painful incident before the end of his third month in office taught him a lesson that has stayed with him like Holy Writ. On the eve of taking off for the second of those trips abroad whose pace and number were soon to become legendary, Dulles accepted the advice of his close friend and trusted adviser on public relations, Assistant Secretary Carl W. McCardle, and invited a number of prominent correspondents to dinner to hear, off the record, his views on the state of the world in general and the Far East in particular. Growing expansive, he confided that a time might come when the United States would have to end its support of Formosa and advocate turning it over to the United Nations, while voting also to admit Red China to that body. The story leaked, and Senator William Knowland of California descended upon the White House at the head of a phalanx of aroused legislative friends of Chiang Kai-shek demanding to know what was up. This contretemps brought about a repudiation of Dulles's remarks by White House Secretary James Hagerty.

A bruised Dulles learned not to offend Senator Knowland again. He might disagree privately with Knowland, but still . . . here was a possible constituent. "Dulles's profound respect for the power of the Senate stems in part from his having served in it himself," remarks a Washington correspondent who knows the Secretary well. "The trouble is that he served there only six months—long enough to become impressed, but not enough to learn to discriminate."

Dulles also set out to appease Styles Bridges of New Hampshire, taking in the Senator's protégé and former administrative assistant, R. W. Scott McLeod, as a virtual Grand Inquisitor simultaneously in charge of Security, Personnel, and Foreign Service Inspection—an appointment that helped destroy what was left of Service morale. He even made a public gesture of endorsing Senator McCarthy's investigations into State Department personnel. ("It is a time when exposure through Congressional action is to be expected.") He put up no fight at all when the McCarthy camp tried to block the appointment of career man Charles E. Bohlen as Ambassador to the Soviet Union. He agreed to what later became known as the "book-burning" directives to our overseas libraries, and he made no protest when the incredible team of Cohn and Schine raided and uprooted his information centers abroad.

Dulles's submissiveness was bipartisan: In 1955, when the Democrats had come to power on the Hill, he gave in to the xenophobic Representative Francis E. Walter of Pennsylvania and fired his own top immigration adviser, Edward Corsi of New York, whom he had appointed as a Republican, a personal friend, and also a friend of immigrants.

Meanwhile, again in order to reassure the Knowland wing of his own party, he had replaced his first Under Secretary, General Walter Bedell Smith, who as Chief of Staff of SHAEF had been General Eisenhower's right-hand man in wartime, with an isolationist oilman and follower in Dad's footsteps, Herbert Hoover, Jr.—an appointment that has since led Dulles into troubles he never imagined.

While anxiously pursuing the elusive shape of a constituency outside his department, Secretary Dulles made no attempt to start the job right in his own back yard. The man who for decades had wanted above all things to be Secretary of State found, when the time came, that he didn't really want the responsibilities and burdens of heading the government's senior department at all. According to several sources close to him, he remarked shortly before the inauguration that he wanted to be something higher and freer—a top long-range planner and global adviser close to the President's side, unencumbered by daily routine. His ambition, in short, was to be a sort of updated Colonel House, with a sweeping mandate from the President to trouble-shoot around the world, above and beyond the State Department and not necessarily answerable for all the Department below him.

The ambition was lofty and, as a less ambitious man might have sensed, hardly realistic. For by a long accretion of law and custom supported by Executive order and appropriation, the day-to-day conduct of our basic, peacetime relations abroad *is* lodged in the State Department and the Foreign Service it administers. Together they constitute a vast, sprawling organization of more than twelve thousand permanent officers and civil-service employees who are engaged in activities ranging from representing us in seventy-eight foreign capitals and performing consular chores in 188 posts to coming up with ideas about the future of irrigation in Egypt, the problems of the next decade in Antarctica, the best ways to fight Communist propaganda in Karachi, and the necessities of the whale fishery in Reykjavik.

A Commander Needs Troops

The new Secretary was preoccupied with things that he felt were more important than the Department's immense hierarchy of ranking experts and officeholders, a retinue that today, by the way, is larger than ever before, including at home more than thirty officials of the rank of Deputy Assistant Secretary or better, who in turn are supported by another fourscore Bureau and Office Directors, Executive and Deputy Directors, who in turn are assisted by hundreds of regional and desk officers, coordinators, advisers, special assistants, and *their* staffs—all of whom must be administered by somebody. But if the man entrusted with the seals of the Secretaryship does not want to do all this administering, he at least ought to realize that a commander in the field needs troops. Troops may bungle and fall over each other's feet, but no troops usually means no campaign at all.

In the most elementary sense of all, troops are also constituents. No troops means no immediate followers. Monroe's imperious, lone-eagle Secretary of State John Quincy Adams, in an earlier and much simpler time when America was a minor power at the world's fringe, may have imagined that he could go it alone by force of will or bluff, or both. Dulles's greatest error may have been in trying to play the role

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of an Adams at a time when our position in the world has been reversed.

Dulles firmly believes in himself and his mission. He also appears to disdain many of his associates, present no less than past, as superfluous to his needs. And there may lie the fatal flaw of a leader who knows a great deal, but not everything, about the world's most demanding and delicate foreign-affairs post.

Shortly after Dulles took office, the surviving veterans of the Policy Planning Staff, once headed by George F. Kennan, offered to brief him with "position papers" on pending subjects. Dulles replied in effect that he didn't need their papers: He was quite well informed already. The Policy Planning Staff thereupon went into a decline from which it has never recovered, dropping into a "kind of secretariat that tries to pick up any pieces the Secretary has dropped," as one member has put it privately. Nevertheless, its director, Robert R. Bowie, an exceptionally articulate and vigorous advocate even in dissent, is one of the few men in the present State Department who do have the ear and direct confidence of the Secretary, although he is himself a holdover. This is one of the paradoxes of Dulles's régime.

OTHERWISE "communications upward" largely broke down when Dulles took over—even communications from his own appointees. The usual departmental custom of having the desk officer for any country present in the Secretary's office when the envoy of that country calls fell into the discard: The new Secretary had little need of expert advice.

When in town, the Secretary does maintain a rule of presiding over an early-morning half-hour staff session at which his Assistant Secretaries and several of their deputies are present. But this brief run-through in the presence of perhaps a dozen men, as one of them puts it, "is pretty much a classroom exercise—you wait until maybe teacher calls you." Of the Assistant Secretaries responsible for vital geographic areas abroad, only one, the brilliant and durable Livingston T. Merchant of European Affairs, can be said to have held the immediate confidence of the Secretary. (Mr. Merchant has since been transferred as Ambassador to Canada.) Another, Walter S. Robertson of Far Eastern Affairs, a holdover sustained by his enthusiasm for the cause of Chiang Kai-shek, at least has the confidence of the Knowland wing and thereby enjoys an irremovable place in the department—another paradox of the Dulles régime, since the Secretary himself does not think highly of Chiang, and furthermore Mr. Robertson is a Democrat. A third Assistant Secretary, George V. Allen, was in charge of Near Eastern Affairs until his recent transfer to Athens, but it is common knowledge at the department that in many of the negotiations that led up to the present crisis with Arab leadership, he stood not at the center but at the periphery.

Alone Among Strangers

The new chief soon confessed in private a certain irritation with the ways of his second in command, Under Secretary Smith, for trying to serve as a sort of departmental Chief of Staff with the job of harmonizing views down below for presentation to the head man for a simple yes-or-no decision. That technique might have been all right for someone like General Marshall, Dulles let it be known; but as for himself, he had too many ideas of his own about foreign policy to want it. He had lived in this field all his life, and he wanted to get his thinking in at the start and not just at the end of the process. He cited what had been done at the Caracas conference in getting an agreement for common action against Communist subversion, which he considered a tremendous accomplishment. The agreement was all his idea, he said, and nothing would have happened if he had just sat and waited for position papers. (The Secretary's insistence on his own initiative at Caracas has since been slightly modified by his assertion during the present campaign that Dr. Milton Eisenhower also played a leading role.)

PERHAPS Dulles does not actually feel, as he is reported to have remarked once, that he doesn't know whom he can really trust in the Department. But he has certainly acted as if he felt that way. He has stood apart in a world of strangers. Although he had doubts about the veterans, he brought along to make up his own "team" only a handful of men whom he himself knew at first hand. He arrived on the scene almost alone, except for an incongruous personal entourage composed of Herman Phleger, a San Francisco lawyer; Carl McCardle, a hearty Philadelphia newspaperman without experience in the public-affairs and propaganda field he was to head; and Roderic L. O'Connor, a personal assistant. Dulles's own new Under Secretary for Administration, Donald B. Lourie of the Quaker Oats Company, was almost unknown to him. "All I can tell you about him," the new Secretary informed the staff gathered in the plaza behind the State Department Building to hear him make introductions, "is that a few years ago he was an All America quarterback." And when it came to choosing an Assistant Secretary for the vital post of Economic Affairs—a subject Dulles is known to view with a distaste matching Carlyle's stricture on "the dismal science"—he had no candidates at all, and it was left to Paul H. Nitze, a holdover then leaving the directorship of the Policy Planning Staff, to propose and recruit the Nebraska banker Samuel C. Waugh.

When a Washington reporter

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asked Dulles why he had taken the unprecedented step of appointing one man, namely Scott McLeod, to the joint posts of security officer and personnel chief—functions hitherto kept rigidly separate in the Federal bureaucracy in order not to let security run personnel—he answered with a shrug, "I leave these things to Smith."

When Dulles was confronted by his Foreign Service people with arguments that to dismiss career officer John Carter Vincent simply on the ground of "failure" in his reports from wartime China might intimidate and stultify future official reporting, he dismissed those objections too. It seemed that the new Secretary, charged with the over-all conduct of foreign relations, was not particularly interested in precisely who was going to be working for him, since he'd be doing all the really important work himself.

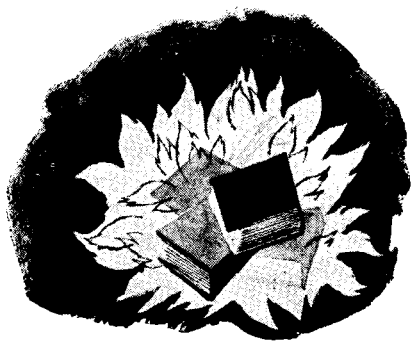
When one asks in Washington or of officials abroad how well Dulles has run the State Department, the most typical answer is that he actually hasn't run it at all. While busying himself at top levels around the world and chalking up almost 350,000 miles of travel, he has left others to run an institution that he apparently neither likes nor trusts. Some of those others are people who in turn don't fully share his views. The President delegated to his friend Dulles the stewardship of Foreign Affairs, and Dulles in turn has delegated a great part of the trust—abdicated it, some critics would say—to his present Under Secretary, Herbert Hoover, Jr., an Old Guard conservative who opposes many of Dulles's best ideas. How far the Secretary has withdrawn from the actual affairs of his department was conveyed by a chance remark he is said to have let fall some time ago at a reception in London, when Lord John Hope of the British Foreign Office sociably asked him, "And how is my good friend Robert Murphy [Deputy Under Secretary of State] these days?" "Oh, fine, I guess," Mr. Dulles answered. "He works for Mr. Hoover, you know."

Dulles's Right-Hand Man

The second Herbert Hoover was brought in as a Great Engineer who had won success in the international oil business, just as his father had in mining before him. A silent, shy, and guarded man, he had first come to public notice as the expert who mediated the British-Iranian impasse over oil resources in 1954. He was then catapulted into the role of Under Secretary and day-to-day administrator of the world's most demanding foreign office. "I wouldn't say that he's knowledgeable on *everything*," remarks a Deputy Assistant Secretary who watches him daily, "but he perks up at talk of oil or the Middle East."

In addition to giving Hoover the broad run of departmental administrative affairs, the chief also deeded over to him the whole broad field of economic affairs. In this field, at least, Hoover held strong views, and if the Secretary hadn't troubled to find out in advance what they were, he soon learned.

HOOVER belongs to the school led by Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey which holds that American aid abroad should be strictly limited and based only on security interests. This runs directly counter to Dulles's own call last winter for a dynamic new approach to eastern peoples in the form of large-scale, long-range aid projects, and to his assertion that we might have to spend some $4 billion annually on aid for a long time to come. Hoover, working directly with Secretary Humphrey, foreign-aid chief John B. Hollister, and Budget Director Rowland Hughes (the "4-H Club," as they are called), is determined to squelch anything like that. Two years ago he sat down hard on Harold Stassen's idea about an aid program for the "arc of Free Asia." Last year he and Hollister returned from a trip to India to recommend that aid for that country be slashed by twenty per cent. This year Hoover supports Humphrey in the latter's insistence on keeping long-term foreign aid down to $100 million a year—and since Humphrey, with his control of purse strings and his personal allies, is just about the most powerful figure in the Administration, there is not much Dulles can do about it.



Hoover is for high tariffs, while his own chief is not. Dulles favors the exchange of scientific visits with the Soviet Union, but Hoover opposes them, fearing for our security. It was Hoover who during the Secretary's absence last year turned down Chou En-lai's bid for bilateral talks—a move Dulles disavowed on his return. It was Hoover who had the Department issue a gratuitous statement last year on the "success" of Chancellor Adenauer's humiliating talks in Moscow and who performed the famous off-again, on-again bobble over the shipment of tanks to Saudi Arabia—both again in the Secretary's absence. If it is true that Dulles has ingrained doubts as to the caliber or dependability of the officials about him, he may have had occasion by now to confirm them in the case of his hostage to Old Guard fortunes, Herbert Hoover, Jr.

Quis Conciliat Ipsos Conciliatores?

A function to which Under Secretary Hoover gives several hours each week is that of chairing the interdepartmental Operations Coordinating Board—a mushrooming new Washington growth that proliferates into every agency concerned with Foreign Affairs. Until recently, it was an organism shrouded in security wrappings. Even today the functions co-ordinated by the OCB remain something of an enigma to many Washington officials. But in the way they have grown they reveal much of the inner workings, or nonworkings, of the Dulles-Hoover stewardship.

In essence, OCB is a follow-up body charged by the President with ensuring that decisions reached by the National Security Council are properly carried out—"implemented" is the word—by the several agencies concerned. It is also supposed to initiate new proposals, which then make their way to the NSC's Planning Board and so from there on up to

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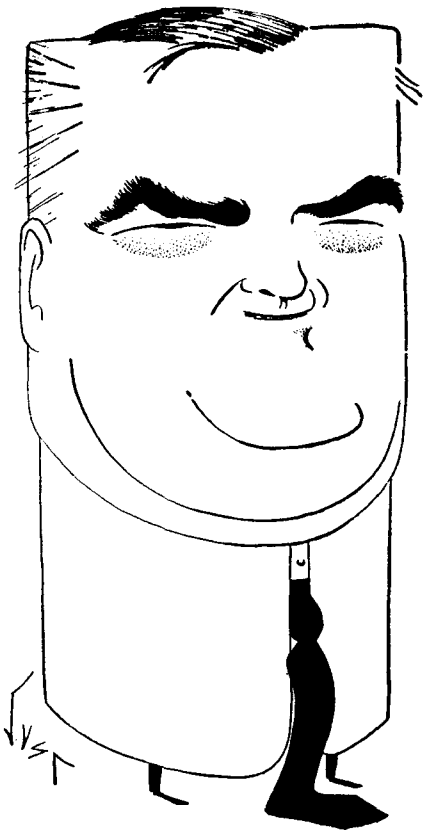
the NSC itself, and then back down again.

The impulse that led to the founding of OCB antedates both Dulles and Hoover's entry into office. It was the outgrowth of some intensive thinking done by a Presidential advisory group in the winter of 1952-1953 about our information and propaganda activities abroad. This group was headed by William H. Jackson, a keen New York lawyer with a flair for administrative organization and wide background in wartime intelligence and at the Central Intelligence Agency. Jackson and his men were struck by the growing multiplicity of our efforts around the world and the danger of crossed wires, poor timing, the wrong remark, and the missed opportunity. They argued that the officials in every agency who were particularly aware of the "psychological ingredient" in anything we wanted to accomplish should meet and work together. At the time all concerned saw in this a sound and fruitful idea. It would help ensure that what was done down the line would reflect the harmony of views reached at the top, and in particular (so the people at the State Department reasoned) it might help the Defense Department to keep in closer touch with foreign-policy thinking.

Today, however, in addition to providing a get-together near the top, OCB has erupted into some forty-odd sub-boards or "working groups" that are supposed to provide co-ordination across agency lines all the way down to the desk levels of the various departments. OCB itself meets once a week with Hoover in the chair and a membership made up of Jackson (now the President's Special Assistant for security affairs and psychological problems), Director Allen W. Dulles of the Central Intelligence Agency, Deputy Secretary of Defense Reuben B. Robertson, Jr., Director Theodore G. Streibert of the U.S. Information Agency, and foreign-aid chief Hollister. But that is only the beginning. OCB is served by an executive secretariat of twenty, and subordinate liaison officers of the various agencies "liaise" with *it*. Twoscore or more lesser officers of each agency sit on the subgroups also busily co-ordinating below



H. Hoover, Jr.

decks. "We just keep ourselves busy co-ordinating sideways," remarked one disgruntled desk officer deep in the heap below Dulles, "because we can't co-ordinate upward—or rather, the Secretary himself doesn't co-ordinate down."

THERE IS a working group on the Iberian Peninsula, for instance. The State Department desk man for Iberia has to sit down to co-ordinate our diplomatic relations (now referred to as "operations") with representatives of the military and aid man Hollister's office even before his own thoughts go up to the top of his own department—if, indeed, they ever get to the top. The chain of command then passes through the ubiquitous Mr. Hoover, not through Secretary Dulles—who is often absent anyway. And when Dulles is absent Hoover also sits in for him on the National Security Council to pass final judgment on what the Hoover Board people below have proposed. In the case of Iberia, Dulles probably couldn't care less: It is reported that he has never concerned himself with Iberian matters at all—despite criticisms as to the effectiveness of Ambassador to Spain John Davis Lodge—other than to pay a flying visit to Generalissimo Franco last year when that hardy anti-Communist and beneficiary of American military aid was toying with the idea of a trade deal with Moscow.

"I'm sure OCB made sense at the start," says one career veteran, the geographic director for a key area of Europe. "But now it has become a device for diluting and dividing responsibility down the line so that all semblance of initiative and leadership is lost. Down here, we find ourselves having to spend days every month reconciling our views with those of the military before anything can go upstairs. The sources of new thinking on foreign policy have been muddied."

Some State Department officials quietly sabotage the OCB subgroups, neglecting to call or attend meetings. "This whole business of co-ordinating along the line before we can come up with an idea is sheer nonsense," one of them remarked. "At the top they're still not co-ordinating what counts."

Will There Be a Super-Dulles?

In establishing an aura of apartness and Departmental aloofness about himself, Secretary Dulles has only succeeded in creating what he surely never planned—a power vacuum where other men with other ideas have been able to move in. Some of the White House staff, particularly, criticize him for having absented himself so much from his country and his department that vital decisions have been reached in the NSC without him. They argue that if Dulles didn't know in advance last year about the proposal of the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral Arthur Radford, to slash our overseas ground forces by 800,000 men—as he says he didn't—the fault is largely his, for the proposal involves essential relations with the entire Allied world. They charge also that a whole string of NSC emergency decisions affecting the Middle East had to be taken last fall while he was off at Geneva and only in intermittent communication. They say there is no point in trying to strengthen Dulles's hand on Asian-aid projects so long as he

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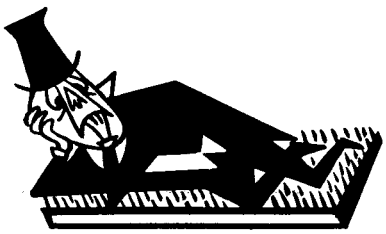
simply refers the whole thing back to co-ordinator Hoover—and then flies off to Karachi.

Today at the White House, after almost four years of watching co-ordinators galore move in where Dulles himself has been too preoccupied to tread, there is a feeling that even more co-ordination may be needed. An idea now going about in the President's immediate entourage is that of providing the Chief Executive with a new top-level assistant who would have the same mandate in foreign affairs as that bestowed on Sherman Adams in domestic affairs. The President rather likes the idea, says an inner-circle adviser who should know. But this raises a question: If the White House needs a super-Dulles, then why Dulles?

ALL THIS confusion might have been avoided if Eisenhower's Secretary of State had recognized at the start that the job to which he was appointed was actually to be Secretary of State, in fact as well as in name—and if the President, upon finding some reservations in his Secretary's mind on this score, had called him in and told him in effect, "Foster, I want you to get hold of that Department, use it, and *run* it."

For lack of that, we have had the spectacle of a brilliant one-man operator and peripatetic energizer stopping occasionally at a suite of rooms on the fifth floor of the new State Department Building but occupied chiefly with his own flow of ideas—a superabundant flow but not a particularly continuous one. This situation leaves everyone hard put



to keep up with Dulles, including the President himself.

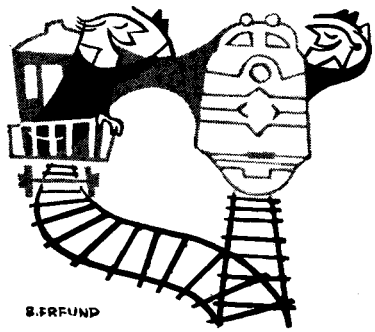
To his technique of diplomacy by visitation, aimed at producing effects abroad, Dulles has added the technique of diplomacy by press conference, aimed at producing effects at home. This makes the position of everybody in the department in general and of Public Affairs man Carl McCardle in particular somewhat difficult, since no one can predict just what the Secretary is going to say, and thus give advance guidance to the Voice of America or our embassies abroad.

Dulles has come out both for and against Nasser, against the immorality of neutralism and (amending himself) against his own pronouncement, for "massive" and "instant" retaliation and (also amending himself) for the notion that he didn't really mean "instant" or "massive" at all. "Our line will be to follow that set by the Secretary's latest remarks, which should be used *in full*," is the substance of the instruction that repeatedly goes from McCardle's office to the U.S. Information Agency. That, as one USIA official put it, often leaves the man at the propaganda desk asking, "Which line?"

IN 1953, Dulles talked of liberating the Soviet World's captive peoples. That idea was quickly forgotten. Next there was "agonizing reappraisal"—a threat as unfortunate to our relations with France as his off-the-cuff statement that a defeat of Chancellor Adenauer in the German elections would be "disastrous" was to our relations with Germany. Then, after the "unleashing-Chiang" line in the Far East, came the "no-more-retreats" line—after which we agreed to the partition of Vietnam.

There was the expansive talk of "dynamic new approaches" to eastern peoples, at which point, since it involved money, Under Secretary Hoover and Secretary Humphrey took over against dynamism. There were the extraordinary statements on Goa (a Portuguese "province") and on the merits of the Cyprus controversy—against both of which Dulles's own Office of Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs had protested in advance, only to be overruled. There was the line of giving Israel at least some assistance, preceded by the line of giving it none. There was the line of grim "foreboding" about Communist intentions in early 1955, followed by the line in early 1956 that the Soviets were on the run—a conclusion Dulles's own Russian experts by no means share.

There was the policy of building a "Northern Tier" alliance of Arab states to hold the line against Communism, followed by a refusal to join the resulting Baghdad Pact when Egypt's new dictator, Nasser, didn't want to play. There was the line of building up Nasser as the leader of the western Arab world, followed by the present line of building him down. There was the



line of giving Nasser almost any aid he wanted, including the Aswan High Dam, followed by the line of withholding aid, including the dam, after Nasser had approached the Soviets for aid, too. The turnabout, as history already knows, gave Nasser his golden opportunity to grab the Suez Canal and thereby produce a general crisis with and within the West.

THE DULLES revolution at the State Department has been a personal one, the result of one man's desire to divest himself of advice he didn't particularly want and of a staff whose routine thinking he thought he could do without. But since even Dulles has some of the personal limitations of a human being, the revolution has backfired on him—and on the American people and on the democratic world as a whole. The immensely gifted man who thought he could do without advisers—under whom such crack veterans as Freeman Matthews, James Riddleberger, and Livingston Merchant have been relegated to the outer circle abroad—finds himself the prisoner of men like Herbert Hoover, Jr., with the jovial newspaperman Carl McCardle his closest confident.

Never perhaps has a Foreign Affairs chief been so cut off from his own authority, his colleagues, and his duties.

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Our Diplomatic Defeats And the Unity of Europe

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

ON SEPTEMBER 22, the day after the painful close of the second eighteen-power conference in London, the French government held a long, glum meeting in the Council Room of the Elysée Palace. At its close the Secretary of Information, Gérard Jaquet, unwontedly gruff and tight-lipped, called in the press and began reading off the communiqué disclosing France's unenthusiastic adherence to Secretary of State Dulles's new club of Suez Canal users. Coming to the last sentence, Jaquet waited a moment for the frantically scribbling reporters to catch up, then slowly dictated:

"The Council of Ministers noted with satisfaction the absolute maintenance of Franco-British solidarity, which will be concretized again by the forthcoming trip of Mr. Eden to Paris. Period. End of paragraph. End of communiqué."

There was nothing exceptionally obscure about this diplomatic phrasing, but for a moment after Jaquet had finished, the reporters stood with their pencils still poised looking vaguely baffled, as if they felt something was missing. Something *was* missing—a word that twelve years of postwar conferences and consultations among the three principal western powers had led reporters to expect as part of the adjectival team ritually yoked with the noun "solidarity": the adjective "American." Big Three solidarity had shrunk to Medium Two solidarity. The end of a paragraph coincided with the end of an era.

The omission, of course, was a premeditated slap at Mr. Dulles, whose always undulant but driving—and at moments masterly—leadership had dominated from first to last the conference called to legitimize his latest brain child. It was also a manifestation, though a slight one, of what, it is becoming increasingly clear, is a massive western diplomatic debacle—apparently only at its beginnings—to which U.S. foreign policy had undoubtedly made the decisive contribution.

Memories of Munich

Premier Guy Mollet, speaking on September 23 to an audience of coal miners in the grimy northern industrial town of Lens, disclosed the tragic breakdown of western unity at the same time that he reaffirmed Franco-British solidarity. Again he omitted mention of the United States.

"Why not reveal our bitterness and our concern," exclaimed Premier Mollet, one of France's most earnest apostles of western co-operation, "over the discovery that not all the free peoples are as conscious of the danger as we, and that our determination is not yet matched by an adequate solidarity on the part of our friends and allies?" The trend toward the creation of a Franco-British axis of resistance to U.S. leadership within the Atlantic Alliance is a smarting defeat for our foreign policy as its goals have been formulated in recent years. But it is a relatively unimportant aspect of what some sober European observers view as the impending or progressive collapse of the coalition itself, in other words the crumbling of the entire platform upon which U.S. security is based.

"The American attitude signifies sooner or later the end of the Atlantic Pact," predicted a vitriolic article entitled "The End of a System?," published by *Le Monde* over the signature of Professor Maurice Duverger, one of France's foremost—though not most objective—experts on foreign affairs. A few days later, *Le Monde*, commenting on the London fiasco that resulted in watering down Mr. Dulles's new plan, implicitly compared it to the Franco-British capitulation at Munich, adding acidly for the benefit of Mollet and Eden: "If it is dangerous to go to Munich, it is much more dangerous to go there after you have sworn a hundred times you would not."

WHAT mainly validates the comparison between the present international crisis and the Munich one is the similarity in the nature of the wounds inflicted on western solidarity and morale by western leadership. In 1938 Chamberlain, Daladier, and Bonnet, acting as unwitting allies of Hitler's fifth column, effectively scuttled the Anglo-French system of alliances in Europe and so hopelessly confused, divided, and demoralized their own peoples that France, at least, never wholly recovered. This summer and fall Dulles, Eden, and Mollet, in what has looked like an unplanned masterpiece of inverted psychological warfare, have dangerously shaken the Atlantic Alliance.

In trying to assess the extent of the damage it is necessary to take into account not only what the West has lost since the beginning of the Suez crisis but what it has thrown away. One of the things that makes the Suez debacle a political and psychological disaster rather than merely a setback is the conviction of informed Europeans that a whole series of spectacular victories was within our reach—but we failed to stretch out our hands. From the viewpoint of the Eisenhower Administration the irony is all the more cruel because several of these potential victories were particularly dear to Mr. Dulles's heart and because—at least in the European view—it was mainly through the fumbles of U.S. diplomacy that they were missed. Some of these may have been less accessible than the Europeans imagine, and others may have been lost more through the fault of their own leaders than through that of ours. But even after such allowances they add up to a dismal account sheet of U.S. foreign policy. When the undisguised defeats or catastrophes suffered by the West under U.S. leadership are included, the sum becomes appalling.

Dulles and Shepilov

At the beginning of the Suez crisis the Soviets wanted no part of it. They believed that the French and

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British were going to take military action in the Canal Zone and dreaded a conflict that might eventually have dragged them in. Soviet Foreign Minister Dmitri T. Shepilov, it is said by people who should know, went to the first London conference in August prepared to make sweeping concessions in order to see the Suez conflict settled before it got out of control. In return for a Franco-British commitment not to employ force, Moscow would have pulled the rug out from under Nasser and might even have agreed to the neutralization of the whole Middle East.

All this went out of the window after the private talk in London between Dulles and Shepilov, who, the Secretary of State informed the press later, was "a charming young man." What the Soviet diplomat thought of his American visitor is not known, but his attitude hardened after that meeting. According to nearly incredible reports I have heard independently from two highly credible sources here, Dulles told Shepilov that the French and British had promised him they would not use force unless Nasser committed a flagrant act of aggression, thus indicating that the U.S.S.R. had nothing to fear in that area.

"In Stalin's day the U.S.S.R. kept out of the Near East for fear of disagreeable complications," André Fontaine remarked recently in *Le Monde*. "Today it no longer fears the West . . ."

The Happy Neutralists

To reach the opposite of what he desires seems to be the destiny of Mr. Dulles's diplomacy.

After the failure of the Menzies mission—which went to Cairo to sell Mr. Dulles's subsequently abandoned project for international control of the canal—the *Times* of London noted that "American attempts at conciliation are having the opposite effect from that desired."

Neutralism has always been a special *bête noire* of Mr. Dulles. The Suez crisis seemed to offer him the best chance since the Korean War—if not since the Berlin blockade—to strike a telling blow at it. In the five years I have spent in France since the war I have never seen a time when the French people were so united or when individual Frenchmen so closely resembled the Washington ideal of a perfect Frenchman—a staunch citizen of the free world who hates Communism and despises every variety of pacifism, neutralism, and even skepticism.

The French Communists' espousal of Nasser's cause so infuriated many French liberals, normally intensely allergic to anything smacking of an anti-Communist crusade, that they would have been setups for the kind of hard-hitting "truth campaign" via the Voice of America and similar channels that the Republican Administration in its early, or C. D. Jackson, period counted upon to roll back Communism. Instead what the French got was, in effect, encouragement to keep cool. Neutralism, it seemed to some embittered French anti-Communists, had migrated from the banks of the Seine to Foggy Bottom, but the original neutralists were delighted.

"War," editorialized the arch-neutralist Claude Bourdet in *France-Observateur*, "has been pushed back again, thanks to a sort of conspiracy of good sense in which Mr. Dulles must be given his due, along with Mr. Khrushchev, Mr. Nehru, and the British Socialists and Liberals."

Our Weakened Allies

From the U.S. point of view, the Mollet government in France, like the Eden government in Britain, is exceptionally friendly and helpful. Both have been badly weakened by their own political blunders and the lack of U.S. support at crucial moments. The predominantly Socialist Mollet government is not only outstandingly co-operative from Washington's viewpoint but it is also vigorously anti-Communist. It has been militantly pushing the European policy that Mr. Dulles favors, and its views—if not its achievements—in the fields of economic progress and colonial reform come fairly close to those long held by leading American friends of France.

M. Mollet controls the Socialist Party machine in France and through it has a considerable voice in the Socialist International. The potential importance of this was illustrated by the recent negotiations conducted by Mollet's party lieutenant, Pierre Commin, for the return to the democratic fold of the Nenni Socialists in Italy; what has been lost was indicated by the acrimonious public argument over Suez that the French Socialists have been conducting with their Labourite brothers in Britain.

European Unity

One of the most pathetic victims of the Suez crisis, from the official Washington viewpoint, is the ideal of a tightly integrated six-power western Europe hitched directly to the United States. Ever since he has been in office, Mr. Dulles has lavished his personal encouragement on the "Little Europe" trend, to the point of eliciting criticism from proponents of broader schemes of European or Atlantic co-operation. After the collapse of the European Defense Community this pattern of European unity seemed dead, but, lovingly tended by Mollet and Foreign Minister Pineau, its stump had been sprouting such vigorous new growth that even the most hardened skeptics were impressed. Then came Suez.

The first reaction of many "Europeans" to what they considered a virtual U.S. "betrayal" was to turn

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toward the ideal of European union as a means of attaining independence from the United States, which is not quite what Mr. Dulles originally had in mind.

"Not the least of M. Nasser's merits," ironically remarked Mendésist Secretary of State for Public Health André Maroselli in a political speech, "is that he has contributed to speeding up the formation of a European entente whose constituent nations had been holding back despite—or perhaps because of—American zeal expended on this objective since the Liberation."

As THE French government began with increasing desperation to substitute the hope of Franco-British solidarity, the idea naturally took shape of converting six-power Europe under American leadership into a seven-power Europe under British leadership.

"The Franco-British tandem no longer suffices," declared former Premier Paul Reynaud, a leading "European." "We are no longer in the days of the Crimean War. What we need is to create Europe as Nasser . . . is creating an Arab United States . . ."

Recent unexpected evidence of British interest in the "European" project for a free-trade area in western Europe suggests that the British have been doing some reflecting on the matter. Perhaps the dream of a seven-power Europe, which after all is one of the best hopes for the West even if it reduces direct American influence in Europe, is not entirely vain.

"HAS THE Suez affair sounded the death knell of the Atlantic Pact?" recently asked André François-Poncet, former French High Commissioner in Germany, in *Le Figaro*.

In an interview he gave *Le Monde* on September 25, Mr. Lester B. Pearson of Canada, one of the "three wise men" of the Atlantic Alliance, answered this often asked question with a guarded "No," and insisted that he was optimistic about the prospect of strengthening NATO's machinery.

"The only way to surmount a trial of this sort is to co-ordinate the policies and attitudes of the Atlantic countries concerned on the basis of their mutual interests," he said. "In order to achieve this result it is necessary to hold full consultations, preferably—and this is most important—before any of the member governments has taken an irrevocable position."

The trouble is that throughout the crisis there has been little Atlantic consultation of any kind except between the French and British, and virtually none within the framework of NATO. On the rare occasions when Mr. Dulles took the British and French into his confidence—e.g., in presenting, via Mr. Eden, his plan for a canal users' club—he failed even to inform the smaller NATO Allies, let alone to ask their opinion. This is one reason why the plan got such a cool reception at the London conference.

"Dulles believes in the goals of internationalism," an astute British observer remarked to me at the time, "but he doesn't understand the technique of internationalism. He has never learned the art of consultation, and that is one of the great weaknesses of American foreign policy."

One More Victim

Naturally there is a good deal of criticism of Mr. Dulles for what the Europeans feel were major diplomatic blunders, notably in his handling of Shepilov. But there is a reaction against what they consider a tendency in the United States to use Mr. Dulles as a scapegoat for the failures of the Administration as a whole.

"When President Eisenhower in his press conference of September 5 cited Korea and Indo-China among the foreign-policy successes of his Administration, he gave the game away," one of my more thoughtful French friends remarked recently. "The implication was that the United States was prepared to accept the status quo in the canal in preference to any violent action, and it told Nasser quite plainly that he could reject the original Dulles plan for international control without fear of any unpleasant consequences. Thus Mr. Dulles's policy was torpedoed by his own chief—with the enthusiastic help of his nominal subordinates, like Ambassador Byroade."

One of the unlooked-for by-products of the crisis has actually been to make many Europeans feel kindlier toward Mr. Dulles, hitherto a definitely unpopular figure on this side of the Atlantic.

Most fair-minded European observers believe that at both London conferences Mr. Dulles has honestly tried hard, according to his lights, to preserve Big Three solidarity, and they give him credit for displaying remarkable tactical skill at times. But, it is said, Mr. Dulles too has been a victim of the prevailing anarchy of the U.S. Administration. The failures of Mr. Dulles's diplomacy seem to have endeared him to the European diplomats.

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Campaign Battlefields

1. The Taft Belt

JAMES A. MAXWELL

"THERE was just one moment when it seemed like old home week to a lot of us at the San Francisco convention," a Cincinnati Republican leader said recently, "and that was when Herbert Hoover gave his speech. I don't mean just the appearance of the old man—everybody in the Cow Palace felt good about having him there—I mean the actual content of his talk. Frankly, there wasn't a hell of a lot being said on that rostrum that made us Old Guard Republicans feel like cheering, and then Hoover came on and we heard about the dangers of the welfare state and the need to give free enterprise its head—the sort of thing which used to be our doctrine. Really nostalgic." He smiled wryly. "Didn't last long, though. A few minutes later there was another speaker on the platform bragging about our foreign aid, the increase in the minimum wage, and the broadening of Social Security under the Eisenhower Administration."

Most Republicans—and all of the professionals—in the Taft Belt have learned to generate a respectable degree of enthusiasm for Eisenhower, and they are unquestionably grateful to him for ending the two decades of Democratic occupancy of the White House. Many G.O.P. supporters in that area, however, admire the President almost solely for this demonstrated ability to beat Democrats. His program, both domestic and foreign, causes far more headshaking than nods of approval.

The two G.O.P. Congressmen from the Cincinnati districts—the city is usually overwhelmingly Republican on national, state, and county levels—have become masters of the art of invoking the President's name for campaign purposes while voting against a sizable amount of the legislation that is backed by the Administration. This talent is not, of course, restricted to Congressmen from southwestern Ohio. Senators Bricker, Knowland, and Dirksen, among many others at the San Francisco convention, showed themselves to be equally adept at praising the man they regularly thwart in the legislative halls and committee meetings

Mr. Bender Mistakes His Role

Senator George H. Bender of Ohio hasn't mastered the role of President's best friend and severest critic, and this fact may cost him the election in November. Bender, the former choral leader and bell ringer of the Taft entourage, was elected in 1954 to fill Taft's unexpired term, but Bender's margin of victory came entirely from the enormous majority he received in Hamilton County, where Cincinnati is located.

Since his election, Bender has been bragging of his near hundred per cent support of the President's legislative program. This record has not hurt him in the northern section of the state, but in the Taft Belt his willingness to accede to Eisenhower's wishes has been received coldly.

Recently a Cincinnati financier who heads one of the largest firms in the state told of being requested to contribute to Bender's campaign fund. "I said flatly that I wouldn't give a dime," the financier said. "If Bender wants to vote for all the handouts to foreign nations and keep things just as they were when Dean Acheson was in the State Department, he gets neither my money nor my vote. And I'm not the only one in this part of the state who feels that way. Everybody I've talked to who kicked in last time says the same thing. Even if he is a Democrat, Lausche is much closer to my beliefs than Bender is today."

Frank J. Lausche, five-term Governor of Ohio and Bender's opponent in the November election, is sure to benefit from this discontent with Bender's new political orientation. Lausche has always received substantial Republican support—he is one of the most conservative governors in Ohio's history—but will these nominally G.O.P. votes go to him in a Senatorial race? He was unquestionably bidding for them not long ago when he stated that he might vote for Republican organization of the Senate if the division of the parties proved to be about equal.

Perhaps in the weeks to come pleas for party unity and a Republican Congress will bring the disenchanted Old Guard Republicans back into the Bender camp. He will need them. Unless he can count on a substantial plurality in Cincinnati and the rest of Hamilton County, his chances of success will be slight. At the moment, however, it seems that in November he will be taught that in the Taft Belt success depends upon supporting Eisenhower with words, not deeds.

CONSERVATIVE Republicans, especially in and around Ohio, have never fully recovered from the humiliation and frustration they experienced in Chicago in 1952. The slurs cast upon the late Senator Taft are still being indignantly recalled in the letters-to-the-editor columns of newspapers in the area, and there is widespread feeling that the Eisenhower forces garnered the first nomination of their man by means something less than honorable.

The principal cause of this lingering resentment, however, lies deeper than the defeat of one man, even though that man had become the symbol of the right wing of his party. A few days after the 1952 Republican convention, the Taft-

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owned Cincinnati *Times-Star* editorialized: ". . . The Chicago feud was not a personal quarrel between Bob and Ike. Its basis was sharp differences in point of view within the party as between the East and Midwest on foreign policy, and between the Pacific Coast and the great interior of the United States on social and economic legislation."

This Midwestern point of view had, of course, lost out in 1940, 1944, and 1948, but each time some hope had remained that the beliefs of the Taft faction would prevail eventually. That hope died in 1952.

Reluctantly but inevitably, the Midwesterners, who had always viewed themselves as the anointed keepers of Republican orthodoxy, have had to face the fact that their political philosophy has only minority backing within the party. This unpalatable truth is not as yet accepted with equanimity, and from time to time normally suppressed bitterness erupts with considerable force.

Vaguely Nixocratic

Probably because history is a nebulous and unsatisfactory foe, and prudence removes Eisenhower, the vital ballot-box attraction, as a target, the President's aides and advisers are the recipients of most of the Midwesterners' rancor. Especially acrimonious is the local Republican attitude toward Thomas E. Dewey, the only man who can match the late Franklin D. Roosevelt in raising Taft Belt blood pressures to record heights.

Some measure of Dewey's unpopularity can be gained from the 1948 and 1952 election returns in Hamilton County. When Dewey ran in 1948, he received only 151,000 votes and carried the county by 16,000, a majority of about 5.5 per cent. When Eisenhower was the nominee four years ago, he was given 208,000 votes and led in the county by 67,000, a majority of about nineteen per cent. Dewey lost Ohio by about 7,000 votes. Had Hamilton County followed its usual voting pattern, he, like Eisenhower, would have carried the state.

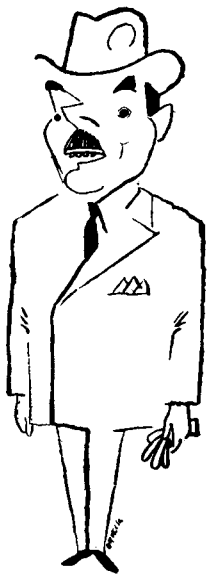
Because Dewey snatched the G.O.P. nomination from Taft in 1944 and 1948, and played a major part in administering the *coup de grâce* to the Senator's hopes in 1952, the former New York governor is a convenient Taft Belt symbol for many of the party's major departures from familiar paths.

In many instances, Dewey is blamed for actions with which he has had no discernible connection. A number of Midwestern Republicans believe that the "Dump Nixon" movement, for example, was obviously one of his plots. The fact that Dewey publicly deplored Harold Stassen's efforts and praised Nixon's handling of the Vice-Presidency did nothing to dispel the suspicion. Dewey is assumed to be against almost everything Taft Belt Republicans want, and they very much want Richard Nixon as Vice-President.

Questioned about the reasons for their enthusiasm for Nixon, Taft Belters are likely to be vague. Nixon's record, like the Bible, can be used to prove many things, but his Midwestern supporters are convinced that his basic beliefs are close to their own. "If Eisenhower were to die," a Cincinnati Republican said a few weeks ago, "you'd see an entirely different kind of Administration, the kind Taft would have approved of."

'A Ceremonial Job'

Except for discussions of his health and the possibilities of his repeating his 1952 triumph over Stevenson,



Mr. Eisenhower is seldom mentioned in local G.O.P. circles. Only rarely does he receive either praise or blame for the actions of his Administration. "A child growing up in these parts is likely to get the idea that the Presidency of the United States is more or less a ceremonial job like the Presidency of France," a New York visitor to Cincinnati said recently. The comment has considerable validity. Eisenhower is not absolved from the "sins" of his Administration; he is simply not connected with them.

An editorial that appeared not long ago in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, a strongly pro-Eisenhower newspaper, is a fair example of how this curious fiction is maintained. The subject of the comment was John B. Hollister, a law partner of the late Senator Taft and a former Congressman from a Cincinnati district. He is, of course, a conservative Republican. The editorial said in part:

"John B. Hollister of Cincinnati, director of the International Cooperation Administration, shocked many of his conservative Republican friends in Cincinnati when he asked Congress and the nation for virtual blank-check authority for the spending of $4,900 million in foreign aid, during the fiscal year beginning July 1. . . .

"There is a certain characteristic pattern to this procedure. Mr. Hollister, a redoubtable conservative, makes an excellent front man for the spiritual descendants of Harry L. Hopkins in the lower echelons of the ICA. His conservatism, it may well be, is being used as a protective cloak for undue generosity with American tax dollars abroad.

"The men at the assistant and subassistant level have every advantage of their chief in a situation of this kind. . . . A man in Mr. Hollister's position, serving the government temporarily in a capacity outside of his realm of experience, almost literally is at their mercy for fundamental information."

Nowhere in the editorial was there any hint that the President was solidly behind this request for funds.

As the *Enquirer* stated, conservative Republicans *were* shocked by Hollister's appeal, but they too blamed the crew rather than the captain for the course the ship was following. In a discussion of the matter at the Queen City Club, Cincinnati's counterpart of New York's Union League, one leading industrialist said: "I'm beginning to think that

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the Democrats left some kind of virus around Washington. Every time a good, solid Republican goes to work down there he gets infected and winds up sounding like a New Dealer."

"If only Bob Taft were still around," another member said, "he'd straighten out a lot of those boys in a hurry." Everyone at the table nodded grimly

Taft Among the Titans

In Taft's native state, his name comes up in conversations now almost as often as it did when he was alive. The legend of his political astuteness, his wisdom and integrity, and his influence over his colleagues is as firmly entrenched as the Paul Bunyan saga in logging camps.

Such comments as "Taft would never have let the Administration make that kind of mistake," or "With Taft behind it, that bill would have gone through," are heard constantly. It is unlikely that few if any of Taft's admirers actually believe that he could have drastically modified his party's present direction, but they seem to find a curious solace in pretending that his death, rather than history, cut most of the Republican ties with conservative Midwestern thinking.

There are, of course, many Senators, Congressmen, and Administration officials who still uphold most of Taft's political philosophy, but none of them inspires more than a small fraction of the reverence given Taft.

Recently a committee was formed in Cincinnati to commission a sculptor to do a bust of the late Senator. One of the members asked what size the cast would be. "I'd suggest heroic," another member replied.

"In this town, it will be heroic regardless of size," a third said proudly. «»

2. *Morse vs. McKay*

JOE MILLER

THE LATE September sun had reached its noonday strength as the early city edition of the Portland *Oregon Journal* arrived on the streets of Multnomah, a suburban community southwest of Portland. A wiry man with a hawklike face dominated by bristling eyebrows, hurrying up the street, stopped briefly to glance at the newspaper's biggest headline—NIXON ASKS OREGON: BEAT MORSE.

Senator Wayne Lyman Morse's ruddy face creased into a wry smile. "That's fine," he said to his tiny wife Mildred, who was walking alongside him. "That fellow won't hurt us." Then they briskly walked into a weather-worn brick building which bore a sign reading MULTNOMAH MASONIC TEMPLE.

Inside in a banquet room sat two hundred of the members of two suburban Kiwanis Clubs. They were there to hear Morse speak on foreign policy. When the Senator entered the room, they rose and began to applaud. Morse, a sensitive man who privately has qualms every time he encounters a strange audience, beamed delightedly and murmured, "Wonderful, wonderful, just wonderful," to his wife.

His off-the-cuff speech was quite obviously effective. The audience leaned forward attentively as Morse's metallic, compelling voice described the need for a bipartisan foreign policy. It was not a political speech nor did it appeal to any provincial prejudices. "We must have a foreign policy free of fear," Morse said. "Peace is a fragile thing which can be preserved only if Americans unite behind a constructive, vital program to improve, through democratic processes, the life of every man. 'Massive retaliation' is not the answer. 'Fortress America' is not the answer. The answer is a combination of strong military defense and economic and technical assistance, riveted to a vigorous concept of freedom for all peoples. . ."

Though the audience was composed of business and professional people who had to return to their shops and offices after the lunch hour, at least half of them remained for an hour-long question period. Most of the queries dealt with the prospects for lasting peace and the problems facing small business.

Campaign Logistics

The logistics of this historic campaign between Morse and Douglas McKay are reasonably simple. A reliable state-wide poll, made in late September, shows that 19.1 per cent of Oregon's voters are undecided. The rest have at least tentatively made up their minds: 42.7 per cent for Morse and 38.2 for former Secretary of the Interior McKay.

Both, of course, have groups of supporters whose votes could not be dislodged with dynamite. Morse has the fervent backing of Oregon's unionists from the rank-and-file level to the top, the conservationists, public-power proponents, and a substantial body of support among farmers and liberal Republicans.

McKay's strength is drawn, naturally enough, from the staunch Republicans, plus a fairly sizable group of Oregonians who can be simply classified as Morse-haters. This cannot be attributed solely to Morse's famous 1952 walkout from the G.O.P. It involves a state of mind, a feeling that Morse is intellectually arrogant.

Of all the factors in these campaign logistics, probably the most significant one is that Morse appears to be holding on to a fair-sized slice of the Republican vote. A mid-September poll taken in Multnomah County, which contains one-third of Oregon's votes, showed Morse leading McKay by forty-nine per cent to thirty-nine. The poll's most revealing aspect was its indication that nineteen per cent of all registered Republicans plan to vote for the man who is being denounced as the "No. 1 traitor to the G.O.P." Only ten per cent of the Democratic vote shows a preference for McKay.

Ticket-splitting Tradition

Morse's apparent bite into the G.O.P. vote is a prime worry of the strategists directing McKay's campaign. Recently Fred Seaton, McKay's successor as Secretary of the Interior, came to Oregon to laud McKay as "one of the great Interior Secretaries." In a TV speech Seaton noted the G.O.P. defections by saying: "I've heard there is an Oregonian who plans to vote for Eisen-

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hower and Morse. That's like hiring a homebuilder to build your house and then hiring a homewrecker to tear it down." Seaton since has been followed by Nixon and other Republican campaigners, all of whom have exhorted Republicans to stay in line. McKay is hoping that these speakers will set the stage for his big pitch: a Portland speech by Mr Eisenhower, who carried Oregon by 150,236 in 1952, saying that he needs McKay in the Senate.

Yet Oregon voters may not be as impressed by this as McKay hopes they will be. They have shown a strong predilection for ticket-splitting in recent years. Oregon, while voting strongly Republican at the state level, cast its ballots for Roosevelt four times. This spirit was expressed to me by one independent Oregon Republican, who said: "I think the world of Mr. Eisenhower, but I can't abide his power and resource policies. So I'm going to tell him so the best way I know: by voting for Ike and Morse."

McKay's strategists have other causes for worry than holding onto the G.O.P. vote. Ever since the 1954 elections, in which Richard L. Neuberger became Oregon's first elected Democratic U.S. Senator in forty years, there has been a stirring in the state, accustomed to many decades of complacent Republicanism. Neuberger's narrow victory has stirred new hopes and activity among Democrats; last May, the party had a registration plurality of 14,741 over the G.O.P. Since then, new registrations have been flooding Oregon's county courthouses at a 2½-to-1 ratio in favor of the Democrats. "There is a tremendous upsurge," says Robert Boyer of Medford, the party's young state chairman. "A lot of it is just happening naturally, without organizational impetus."

Part of the new mood can be attributed to the fresh look that such new faces as Neuberger and Congresswoman Edith Green had injected into Oregon politics; there is a vitality and appeal in them that the state's G.O.P. politicians simply lack. Another part is a reaction against the Eisenhower Administration's resources policy, so dramatically characterized in Oregon by Hell's Canyon and what the Democrats describe as the "giveaway" of the Al Sarena timberlands in southern Oregon. Some of it resulted from the current slump of Oregon's No. 1 industry, lumber, which has been hurt by the Administration's tight-money policy on homebuilding, and some of

it from Eisenhower's veto of two-price parity for wheat (a bill co-sponsored in Congress by Morse), which hit Oregon's many wheat farmers.

'More Votes in Texas'

Likable Doug McKay, a man with a shrewd salesman's feeling for the local pulse, is not unaware of this sentiment. Recently he complained to columnist Joseph Alsop: "Why, right now I believe I'd get more votes in Texas than in Oregon. Down in Texas they like states' rights. But these people up here are still yaketty-yakking about the so-called giveaway of the so-called tidelands. Hell, I was for states' rights before I ever went to Washington, and I'm for them still."

McKay's plaint about Oregon's criticism of his role in the tidelands issue emphasizes one of his weaknesses in this campaign: his extreme sensitivity to depreciation of his Interior Department stewardship. "Mention Al Sarena in his presence," says a reporter, "and he jumps." The Democrats claim that the Al Sarena case is a shocking example of how an Alabama mining company pushed McKay, then Secretary of the Interior, into approving a worthless mining claim in order to gain title to $250,000 worth of choice Oregon timber on the mining site. McKay replies that the mining merits of the claim were impartially proved and the consequent acquisition of the timber was covered by law. "Nothing has hurt me as much as Al Sarena," he grumbles, "and I think it's a damned phony."

Those Unimportant Issues

Whatever the merits of Al Sarena, the fact is that McKay's skin is easily pricked by Democratic barbs about such so-called "giveaways" as tidelands, Hell's Canyon, oil leases on wildlife refuges, and timberlands. He often reacts by saying the wrong thing. Speaking before a forum of Oregon State College students, he became involved in a chest-thumping, shouting episode with a student who asked him some embarrassing questions. McKay, who precipitated the incident by grabbing the student by the shirt, finally accused him of "Socialist talk." On other occasions he has become involved in shouting arguments with Democratic rank-and-filers and bellowed at one: "You may be a Democrat, but you talk like a Socialist!"

The fear of McKay's strategists that he will become involved in even worse incidents of this nature has led them to restrict his campaigning to "canned" products such as filmed TV appearances and prepared newspaper handouts, to simple apolitical handshaking, at which he excels, and to speeches before pure G.O.P. audiences. His campaigning, which now has passed its sixth month (he began in April), has principally consisted of denunciations of Morse for his apostasy. But lately McKay has been feeling a need to offer something positive to the electorate. Recently he presented a seven-point program which, however, dealt completely in generalities: "Point 7. We need to give ever broadening expression in government to the religious tenets and faith that are the fountainhead of our strength as a people

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and as a nation." McKay confesses to being indifferent toward the issues. "Issues," he was quoted as saying on September 22, "are not important. Only votes count." Morse, of course, is concentrating heavily on the issues, particularly the pork-chop ones. "McKay," says Morse, "doesn't like issues because he doesn't have any to campaign on."

The only issue that the Republicans have been concentrating on so far is Morse himself. They are pouring in the largest sums ever spent in Oregon pounding away on the theme that Morse "broke the faith." The *Christian Science Monitor* has reported that McKay's backers plan to spend around $500,000. "If money can win elections," an *Oregonian* editor told me, "then McKay will win. Oregon's election-spending laws won't be broken in this campaign; they'll be pulverized." Morse, whose campaign funds are currently short, is morbidly fearful of being "shut out" in the campaign's final weeks.

A Complicated Man

What kind of a person is Wayne Morse? Many Oregonians, including those who admire him, don't quite understand his complex personality.

An old friend explains: "Wayne is basically a very middle-class person—in his tastes, his friends, and his interests. He's very much a Rotarian. In fact, have you ever seen him when he wasn't wearing his Rotary pin? He's an intellectual, but at home he's more interested in talking about farming methods, horseflesh, and things like that.

"Another thing about him. He really believes very deeply in the public principles he sets up for himself. It's a single-minded, almost religious faith with him. The very occasional times he has compromised them—to salve the Republicans—actually made him sick."

Morse's deep-rooted sense of humor usually compensates for his occasional flashes of brusque anger. Once when I was talking with him in his Washington office, he barked several curt instructions to his secretary, a Virginia girl named Nan Burgess. Finally she marched into his office and stood over him, her black eyes flashing. "You, the idol of American labor!" she shouted. "You, the friend of the workingman! Why, my grandpappy treated the slaves on his plantation more politely than you treat your help!" Morse, rather than being angry, almost collapsed with laughter, then apologized.

The Senator's impetuous intensity stems from his vast storehouse of wire-taut nervous energy. "I get it from my mother," he said recently. "I never saw her walk in my life. She always ran or trotted."

Morse's Horses

If any one person is responsible for Wayne Morse's attitudes and philosophy, it is his mother, Jessie. A Wisconsin schoolteacher who bore six children to John Morse, a farmer, she sternly devoted herself to giving her children the best there was in integrity and ideas. "She began teaching me ideas when I was four," Morse recalls. "Most of my beliefs are derived directly from her."

Morse was born in 1900 on a 320-acre homestead farm outside of Verona, Wisconsin. From his toddling days, his father taught him to get along with animals and especially how to raise poultry and handle horses. (Today Morse's office is cluttered with the ribbons he has won all over the country for his horses, poultry, and Devonshire cattle.) He still likes to quote something his father taught him when he was five: "The outside of a horse is good for the inside of a boy."

When Morse reached school age, Jessie Morse would have none of Verona's one-room schoolhouse for her son. So she sent him to school at Madison eleven miles away—on a horse. So young Wayne rode his horse twenty-two miles a day—fall, winter, and spring—through grade and high school. This was the LaFollette era in Wisconsin, and Wayne, too light for sports (his brothers were exceptional athletes), would listen avidly to "Fighting Bob's" speeches whenever possible. "He was a magnificent actor," the Senator recalls.

The long round trip made an orator out of young Morse. "I made speeches twenty-two miles a day for ten years," he said. "While other kids were dreaming of becoming Honus Wagners or Ty Cobbs, I was practicing to be another LaFollette. I learned how to organize a speech and to speak without becoming tired. It was a wonderful way to make the miles pass."

WLB to G.O.P.

The Madison grade school was in the poorest section of the Wisconsin capital, and many of Morse's classmates were the children of Slav and Negro workers. "I've had an instinctive feeling for the underdog ever since," he said. "They were wonderful kids." At the University of Wisconsin, where he worked his way through, Morse won every oratorical contest in sight and became a member of the student senate. His first taste of controversy came in a dispute over whether freshmen should continue to be compelled to wear green caps. Characteristically, Morse was the only student senator to dissent against the long-established tradition. Quoted in the student daily, he said: "I shall not vote against my conscience, regardless of tradition. I shall not vote for compulsion in any form."

The later outlines of Morse's career are reasonably well known and do not need retelling here. He went through Columbia Law School, achieving its third Doctor of Jurisprudence degree for his classic study of the American jury system, and at thirty-one he became the University of Oregon's youngest law-school dean. Two years later, in 1933, he led a successful faculty revolt against Oregon's autocratic board of higher education and, shortly afterward, began arbitrating labor disputes in the West Coast's turbulent lumber and maritime industries. The latter work brought him to the attention of President Roosevelt, who appointed him a public member of the War Labor Board. In 1944 he resigned in anger because he felt the WLB should have stood up to the wage demands of John L. Lewis. That fall he was elected to the Senate in a spectacular campaign in which he carried every county in Oregon—something that not even Charles McNary had succeeded in doing.

Now Morse is making one of the most unusual attempts in modern U.S. political history. And whatever the outcome, he confesses to being far happier as a Democrat than he

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was as a Republican. As a Republican, Morse was continually badgered by the state's party leaders, who fought his liberal tendencies and continually denounced him as a "secret New Dealer" and "labor stooge."

Aside from the personal angles, a Morse victory on November 6 will sound taps for the Eisenhower-McKay resource-and-conservation policy regardless of the national result. The issue in Oregon is that clear. «»

3. *Pigs and Pocketbooks*

DALE KRAMER

President Eisenhower was present on the less politically attractive day of the September 21-22 national plowing match near Newton, Iowa, owing, it is reasonable to assume, to his political high command's misjudgment of the temper of Midwestern farmers. He delayed several weeks in answering the arranging committee's invitation and consequently the favored second day was assigned to Adlai Stevenson, who had answered promptly and requested it.

Mr. Eisenhower's belated decision came two days after the Des Moines *Register* and the Minneapolis *Tribune* had reported on their first post-convention polls. As polls go, the record of these has been good, and farmers of the two states are typical enough to guarantee a reasonably accurate reflection on the mood of others in the Midwest.

Iowa farmers were reported favoring Stevenson and Kefauver over Eisenhower and Nixon by forty-one per cent to thirty-seven. Minnesota farmers preferred Stevenson and Kefauver by forty-nine per cent to forty-six. The two-day time lag between the appearance of the poll results and Eisenhower's decision was about right for the consternation of Midwestern Republican leaders to be translated into action.

The earlier supreme confidence of Republican managers was understandable. Secretary Benson and most of the press had announced that farmers were in good spirits after last winter's restlessness. A gentle rain of soil-bank checks was scheduled to fall just prior to the election, and it was expected that farmers would render political thanks to the Republican rainmakers. Even sanguine Democrats had not dared hope that a majority of farmers were expressing pro-Stevenson sentiments to pollsters so early in the campaign. Estes Kefauver, whose image in farmers' minds is that of a homespun figure battling the overlords of crime, Wall Street, and crooked politics, had outdrawn Mr. Eisenhower in a few samplings. But all the pre-convention polls had shown Eisenhower leading Stevenson by around twenty percentage points.

But now the polls were in the newspapers and the President was on his way to an event that was bound to have unpleasant connotations in his own mind as well as those of farmers. At the plowing match held four years ago near Kasson, Minnesota, he had used the term "full parity" in a way that led many farmers to accept it as a literal promise of prices at a hundred per cent of parity. If farmers misunderstood him, they had company among the leaders of his own party. The Iowa Republican Committee, for example, ran large advertisements promising full parity in Eisenhower's name.

With prices at eighty-two per cent of parity, down from 102 per cent when Eisenhower took office—and with hog prices having fallen last winter almost to fifty per cent—the Republican strategists must have weighed delicately the question of whether the President's appearance or nonappearance at Newton would focus the more attention on Kasson. In the end they worked out a compromise. The President would make some informal comments at the match and then deliver his major farm speech a few days later at Peoria, Illinois.

The Decline

Farmers are said to vote their pocketbooks to a greater extent than other groups. They probably do, and for logical reasons. However, the dwindling number of farmers in the whole population—they now comprise only about fifteen per cent—has obscured two hard facts of political life. One is that in traditionally Republican farm states the Democratic vote in the growing cities has narrowed the gap between the parties, so that a major farm upheaval is no longer required to overturn the party in power. The other is that the farmer is a very shrewd politician—when his pocketbook is flattening.

Only a few figures are required to illustrate the current pocketbook mood of Midwestern farmers. In twelve Midwestern states the 1955 total cash farm income dropped $959 million. That was *more* than the total farm-income drop—$830 million—for the nation as a whole. The disastrous lows in the hog market during the heavy runs of last fall and winter and spring were chiefly responsible for the decline of Midwestern income. Farmers who had the bad luck to sell at the lowest points got less than ten cents a pound, or roughly five cents under the average cost of production. It was the angry restlessness of hog farmers that was responsible for the sweep of the Administration-baiting National Farm Organization across Iowa and into surrounding states.

In the summer months, hog prices made a seasonal recovery to above sixteen cents a pound at local shipping points, which is roughly a cent a pound under the Chicago market quotation. It is a curious psycholog-

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ical truth that higher prices make hog farmers feel better even if they have no hogs to sell. This factor, along with heavy seasonal labor and worry over the possibility of drought, caused the open manifestations of unrest to diminish.

In early September hog prices began their seasonal decline. The big question was: How far will they fall before the heavy winter runs are over? The editors of *Wallace's Farmer* asked the question in a sampling poll. Most of the farmers who replied—sixty-eight per cent—were optimistic enough to predict a low of fourteen cents a pound at their local shipping points. To put it another way, they felt reasonably confident that their losses would not be as great as last year.

By late September, hog prices had already fallen to barely more than fifteen cents. The editors of *Wallace's Farmer* took a look at past market performances and concluded that another drop of two or three cents during the next two months was a reasonable expectation. Thus Election Day may find hog prices lower than the majority of farmers expected they would be even in December, when the bottom is generally reached.

Political Moves?

As the President headed for the plowing match, the rain of soil-bank checks had begun to fall. In the corn-hog belt they averaged between $300 and $500. There is a question, however, whether the farmer who has a good crop will in the end get more cash than if he had stayed out of the soil bank and planted all his land. Soil-bank proponents are forced to fall back on the argument that surpluses will be reduced and consequently the future is brighter.

Drought sufferers are the only clear gainers from the soil bank. But in helping them Secretary Benson was compelled to punch a hole in the Eisenhower-above-politics image. In June, when widespread drought threatened, Benson said flatly that the soil bank was not a drought relief measure and therefore land with crops already damaged was ineligible. Then he reversed himself and thousands who had rejected the soil bank as of no value rushed headlong to get in.

Thereupon rains fell and crops made a partial comeback. This created a situation in which Benson had another touchy decision to make. Farmers wanted to use the crops on soil-bank land without suffering violation penalties. By throwing off the penalties he stood to please those farmers directly affected. Others not standing to gain were certain to charge the Eisenhower Administration with vote buying.

Mr. Eisenhower himself had punched a hole in the above-politics image when, after vetoing the Democratic-sponsored high-support bill, he announced that corn farmers who did not comply with the acreage allotments would nevertheless be eligible for corn loans at $1.25 a bushel, only 25 cents under that allowed those who planted with acreage allotments. Inasmuch as corn dropped below a dollar a bushel last year, it appears likely that many farmers will gain at least temporarily from Mr. Eisenhower's generous decision. But the sharp departure from policy was widely regarded as political expediency.

The Big Reception

The Republican managers planned the visit of the President and Mrs. Eisenhower to Iowa with consummate skill. Veteran Iowa reporters describe the crowds as larger than had ever greeted a Presidential visitor. Mr. Eisenhower himself, obviously pleased, was a smiling and hale-looking candidate.

At the plowing match itself a crowd of 75,000 was waiting for him.

Granting the premise that the wiser course was to avoid politics, his platform remarks—he spoke a little under ten minutes—could hardly have been improved upon. In paying tribute to the plow, he established that he had done some plowing as a boy—and as a mighty poor boy at that, for his reference to reaching up to the plow handles would indicate that he had been put to work at a tender age. He brought in the peace issue smoothly by means of the Biblical reference to the beating of swords into plowshares.

If the political managers had any disappointment it was because of a relatively low volume of applause. In the open air, loud cheers are required to indicate vast enthusiasm, and the audience confined itself mostly to handclapping. But if the spirits of the political managers sagged briefly they rose higher than ever as soon as the President's caravan reached Des Moines. No one could blame them for describing the procession through the heavily crowded streets as one of triumph.

Bucolic Adlai

Stevenson's political managers were extremely nervous as his turn approached, but the demonstration of Eisenhower's crowd-pulling strength was only part of the reason. The jokes were surely broad and bucolic enough—as, for example, the quotation of a dairy farmer's remark that, while he knew how to milk cows, the Republicans were smarter because they knew how to milk farmers. The examination of Eisenhower's promises at Kasson was properly devastating. Stevenson's promises of ninety per cent rigid price supports and ample credit and increased funds for rural electrification could hardly be more specific. As a spectacular clincher Stevenson was advocating support of hog prices by direct payments to producers, at least in emergencies. Judging from numerous *Wallace's Farmer* polls, this kind of action was favored by most farmers.

Yet Stevenson managers kept asking each other: Will the speech go over? What they really doubted was Stevenson's ability to establish an intimacy with a farm crowd that would allow him to put it across.

The waves of cheering that greeted Stevenson might have been traced to anti-Administration sentiment. But responsibility for most of the rest of the thirty outbursts of cheers and laughter belonged to Stevenson. Much of the joke is, after all, in the telling. Farmers had never really minded Stevenson's wisecracks so much as his deadpan throw-it-away delivery. Now his voice was bouncy, and he telegraphed "joke" plenty of time ahead, and if he did not hammer the point home like a comedian of "Grand Ol' Opry," at least he hit it pretty hard.

His voice was angry in charging Eisenhower with responsibility for a farm depression and was filled with sincerity when he promised to make farmers first-class citizens in the na-

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tion's economy. He was, in short, emotional. Emotion was what farmers had missed in him.

By the end of the speech Stevenson's managers were as jubilant as Eisenhower's had been. They were not distressed that some 10,000 to 15,000 fewer farmers were on hand, even if the come-to-see-the-President element had not been entirely responsible for tipping the balance in Eisenhower's favor.

The Angry Ike

As Eisenhower, back in Washington, worked on his Peoria address, the danger signs were still being read. A squad of New York *Times* reporters fanning through the plowing-match crowds had discovered that one-fourth of the 1952 Eisenhower voters were switching or were on the fence. A *Wall Street Journal* man traveling through the countryside had found one out of four already switched. *Wallace's Farmer* had completed a poll showing Stevenson ahead by forty-three per cent to thirty-five—an amazing change from July, when the President had led by forty-nine per cent to thirty-two. The drift in the small Midwestern towns would not be so great, but if the cities came close to turning in their normal Democratic majorities, there was danger for the Republicans of another 1948.

When Eisenhower took the rostrum at Bradley University fieldhouse for his television address September 25, he was the great man of righteous anger beset by tiny and evil men. In the early part of the speech these were Democratic politicians, but as he progressed they seemed to become all politicians. They had brought the farmers near ruin with high rigid price supports and by hampering the soil-bank plan. As for Kasson, he had pledged simply to work for full parity, he had done so, and would continue to do so.

FARMERS seem likely, however, to go on voting their pocketbooks. Vice-President Nixon is of that opinion, if the facts are straight in a story by the New York *Times* news service. Nixon was reported as recommending "that the White House act to make sure that hog prices remain stable in the farm belt from now until the Presidential election."

The Peaceful Atom: An Admiral Adrift

DOUGLASS CATER

ON August 8, Admiral Lewis Strauss, Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, joined with Colonel Walker Cisler, who heads the Detroit Edison Company, in a solemn ground-breaking ceremony held on the shores of Lagoona Beach, Michigan, some thirty miles from Detroit. In front of the circus tent set up for the occasion, a large red plastic banner designated this as the site of the Enrico Fermi Power Reactor. By 1960, under the auspices of free enterprise, it would produce upwards of 100,000 kilowatts of electricity to light the lamps of Detroit.

The ceremony was part of a dramatic serial, with Mr. Strauss a leading participant, being played to a world audience in an effort to demonstrate that the United States really intends to carry out President Eisenhower's pledge made nearly three years ago, "to devote its entire heart and mind" to the development of the peaceful uses of nuclear energy for the benefit of man. By no coincidence, August 8 was the first anniversary of the Geneva Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy.

'Octopus with Elbows'

But Strauss was engaged in a more urgent drama. In Washington, atomic power has become a burning issue. The politicians are aware that the United States is engaged in a race with the Soviets to prove that atomic energy has some value other than cataclysmic destructiveness. During the past session of Congress, Strauss faced mounting criticism from the Democrats on the Hill for the slowness with which America's atomic power program has gotten under way, and only narrowly escaped being directed by Congress to institute a "crash program" of reactor development. The pageant at Lagoona Beach, symbolizing the start of construction for the first large-scale reactor under private sponsorship, would, he hoped, serve to silence such criticism during the fall campaign.

It also symbolized Strauss's dogged assurance that free enterprise was perfectly capable of taking over the challenge of developing atomic power. During his brief remarks delivered there under the tent, Strauss couldn't refrain from injecting an ideological dig not against the Russians but against some who share with him a responsibility in atomic matters.

He mentioned the opposition that had been voiced to the construction permit. "This opposition," he said, ". . . is part of the pattern of the attack which is being directed against the free enterprise development of nuclear power in this country . . ." These were pretty strong words to direct at the motives of a fellow AEC Commissioner, Thomas E. Murray, and the Chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, Senator Clinton P. Anderson (D., New Mexico), both of whom had challenged the way the Commission granted the construction permit.

The episode gave a revealing insight into the way Strauss conducts his business as head of an independent and quasi-judicial government agency. As in the Dixon-Yates fight, he has elected to lead the attacks himself, fixing his opponents with charges of ideological heresy. Those who have differed with him have found, in the words of one of them, that he can be an "octopus with elbows."

Political Radioactivity

But if Strauss thought he had bypassed the opposition, he was mistaken. Within three weeks the heads of three unions, the United Automobile Workers, the International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, and the United Paperworkers of America, had set in motion a drama of their own, which they privately predict will produce

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more shocking revelations about the AEC than did the Dixon-Yates episode.

What the unions have done is to petition the AEC for an open hearing, virtually obligatory under the broad statutory requirements of the 1954 Atomic Energy Act, to review and revoke the construction permit for the Michigan reactor. Intervening on behalf of the hundreds of thousands of union members living in the vicinity, who own property valued in the millions of dollars, the petitioners accuse the AEC of a series of violations of the Atomic Energy Act and of AEC rules and regulations. On procedural grounds alone, the fight could drag on for months and ultimately land in the courts, where conceivably the permit might be revoked.

Along the way it is likely to acquire even greater political radioactivity. For the union leaders, endorsed by Senator Anderson and other leading Democrats on the Joint Committee, raise a sensitive public-relations issue. They charge that the AEC ignored public safety in granting the conditional permit for a fast-breeder type of reactor in a densely populated area. They claim that the AEC overruled and suppressed objections raised by its own Advisory Committee on Reactor Safeguards. They even cite Admiral Strauss's own testimony, given last June, that the fast-breeder type is "the most hazardous of all reactors." To a public not yet convinced that the atom has been satisfactorily housebroken, their complaints may prove highly disturbing.

THE FIGHT over the Michigan reactor is only the latest manifestation of the increasing fury of political conflict over atomic power. Like all attempts to dramatize issues that are enormously complex and far-off in impact, it framed the issues imperfectly. But it revealed the bitterness, indeed the personal rancor, that surrounds the whole subject, and the stubborn intransigence on the part of Strauss in the face of criticism. It caused a good many observers who have tried to maintain a degree of detachment to conclude that America's atomic power prospects are pretty depressing.

The United States, after devoting more than $15 billion to nuclear science, was slow in developing an interest in its power possibilities and in revising the old McMahon Act, which pretty well thwarted initiative in this field. In 1954 the Act was at last revised, with the admonition, among others, to "strengthen free competition in private enterprise."

The practical problem that lies ahead is to develop processes for converting nuclear fission into electrical kilowatts. The way to make this conversion effectively, economically, and safely is highly complicated. As Dr. Henry DeWolf Smyth has written, "The cost of carrying one type of reactor through the experimental and prototype (large plant) stages is roughly $100,000,000. . ." No one can predict with certainty which type holds the most promise for the future. An underdeveloped country or remote rural areas at home would probably require a different type of reactor from one that could be installed in an industrial power grid.

HOW to bring about the necessary expenditure of brains and money? Initially, Senator Anderson was critical of Strauss for not throwing open the doors even wider to encourage businessmen to undertake reactor power projects. (See his "A Statement on Atoms for Peace," *The Reporter*, June 30, 1955.) The Joint Committee Chairman felt that industry should not be tied to the AEC with partnership arrangements but should be allowed to move ahead on its own under licensing provisions. He can well dispute with Strauss who has been the more zealous advocate of free enterprise.

During the past year, Strauss has come up with a number of private-industry proposals of both kinds. Two of them, from Commonwealth Edison of Chicago and Consolidated Edison of New York, envisage large-scale reactors without AEC subsidy. Yankee Atomic Electric Company, a combine of New England power companies, proposes to build one with a subsidy. There are others in less advanced planning stages.

But the Michigan reactor, a long-cherished dream of Walker Cisler's, represents at the same time the greatest challenge and the most troublesome problems faced by private enterprise in its effort to develop atomic power.

Colonel Cisler and the Cost Gap

Cisler, an electrical engineer who worked his way to the top of Detroit Edison, has spent an enormous amount of time exploring this field and enlisting the interest of fellow entrepreneurs. He is a member of the Edison Electric Institute's Committee on Atomic Energy (which is chaired by Edgar Dixon of Dixon-Yates). He serves as consultant to the International Cooperation Administration on power matters and as delegate to the Organization for European Economic Cooperation. He helped form Atomic Industrial Forum, Inc., an information-disseminating body, and Atomic Power Development Associates, a research group which brings together most of the nation's largest utilities and an impressive group of major industrial companies. Mainly from this larger group, he has formed a smaller one to form the Power Reactor Development Company, which proposes to build the Enrico Fermi plant.

With his reactor Mr. Cisler hopes to make a daring jump in nuclear technology. The fast-breeder type, which is calculated to produce more new fuel than it consumes, offers real promise of narrowing the cost gap between atomic and conventional steam-generated power.

But in embarking on this enterprise Mr. Cisler also showed a businessman's innate caution. His nonprofit Power Reactor Development Company (P.R.D.C.), unlike Commonwealth and Consolidated Edison, has sought an advance ruling from the Bureau of Internal Revenue that all funds contributed to it will be tax-deductible. He has already gotten a Michigan Public Service Commission ruling that Detroit Edison's contribution, estimated at $5 million, can be counted as an operating expense to be charged off to customers rather than to investors. Along with others, he has appealed to Congress to provide governmental indemnity to cover liability risks on a scale that private insurance companies will not undertake. He is seeking an amendment to the Public Utility Holding Company Act of 1935 to exempt industrial companies participating in

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P.R.D.C. from the supervision of the Securities and Exchange Commission. He is currently negotiating a contract to include an AEC subsidy of approximately $4.5 million for research and development along with satisfactory prices for the uranium to be provided by AEC and for the plutonium by-product to be sold back to the AEC.

ALL these matters, as Mr. Cisler has indicated quite candidly, must be satisfactorily worked out if P.R.D.C. is to carry out the project. Some of them, of course, involve fairly substantial problems of public policy. The very listing indicates how far America's private economy, particularly where the great utilities are concerned, has moved from the classical free-enterprise concepts that many business leaders habitually voice.

On the other hand, Mr. Cisler has remained fairly vague about certain matters of interest from a regulatory standpoint. He has not been able thus far to furnish an accounting of the financial commitments to be made by P.R.D.C. members—a requirement explicitly stated under AEC regulations. He promises to negotiate the sale of the heat from the P.R.D.C. reactor to the generator owned by Detroit Edison "at arm's length bargaining." What this means is that vice-presidents of the two companies, both headed by Cisler, will be the bargainers.

Some Thoughts on Safety

But it is the matter of safety that presents the biggest quandary. There has been only one experimental fast-breeder reactor, a small 150-kilowatt model built by the Argonne Laboratory at Arco, Idaho, which accidently "melted down" last year and required a long cooling-off period before it was disassembled. A larger model is now under construction on the Idaho range, but some doubt was expressed by the AEC's Reactor Safeguards Committee that it will be an adequate prototype for the Michigan reactor, which is to be located in an area containing about two million population within a thirty-mile radius.

In the words of the Reactor Safeguards Committee, whose report, though classified ADMINISTRATIVELY CONFIDENTIAL, has leaked out, "The Committee as a whole was not satisfied with the evidence presented that no credible supercriticality accident resulting from meltdown could breach the container." Translated into laymen's terms, this is an expression of concern that an accident occurring inside the P.R.D.C. reactor might conceivably spew highly radioactive contamination into the outside atmosphere.

By 3-1, Commissioner Murray dissenting, the Commissioners voted to

Wide World

Admiral Lewis Strauss

grant a "conditional" construction permit for the Michigan reactor which, in effect, expresses the conviction that the unsettled problems can be worked out along the way. One condition is that a satisfactory financing arrangement must be submitted within twelve months. A second is that the safety problems must be dealt with before an operating license is granted. The Commission concedes that "There is some doubt whether they can be resolved in time to meet the schedule proposed by P.R.D.C. . . ."

Presumably, the Commissioners, in granting such a conditional permit, were relying on the fairly broad discretionary authority given them under the 1954 Act. Others, including Senator Anderson and Representative Chet Holifield (D., California), have vigorously challenged their authority. "The issuance of this construction permit in my opinion sets a dangerous pattern in the early stages of the AEC regulative and quasi-judicial activity. . . ," Anderson stated. He argued that once construction gets under way, "AEC might feel obligated to go on through with a bad deal with respect to public safety because they will have permitted the expenditure of huge sums under the construction permit." The union heads, in their petitions, charge that the issuance of the permit without prior findings on safety and financial qualifications violates both the Atomic Energy Act and specific regulations issued by the AEC pursuant to it.

Bad Blood and the Gore Bill

Ill feeling over atomic power development began to develop in earnest early this year when Congress took up the bill sponsored by Senator Albert Gore (D., Tennessee) to accelerate the power-reactor development program. Gore proposed that the AEC build and operate six large-scale developmental power reactors of various types in different geographical regions of the United States. His bill also authorized construction of a number of experimental reactors of advanced design intended to achieve economic power as soon as possible and to further the atoms-for-peace plan abroad. $400 million was to be authorized for this program.

Advocates of the Gore bill denied that it was a substitute for the private-enterprise program. Instead, it is intended as a supplement made necessary because atomic power is affected with a "national interest." We are engaged, they argue, in a race with other nations to prove its peacetime benefits.

Gore and others express a frank realization that private enterprise cannot be expected at this stage to bear all the costs and risks of atomic power development. Except for Mr. Cisler's project, there has been a natural tendency even among the interested companies to explore reactor development cautiously. As Dr. Smyth testified before the Joint Committee: "Private industry must necessarily be concerned with immediate costs as well as with ultimate development. . . . You will note that in the proposals already before the Commission there is a preponder-

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ance of pressurized, light-water reactors. I believe that most experts would say that such reactors are not the reactors of the future."

Private industry lacks the facilities for real ventures in this field. "We are in a metropolitan area, or close to it," testified James F. Fairman, vice-president of Consolidated Edison. "We had to be sure that what we went in for was safe. That is why we chose a proven technique."

Dr. Walter H. Zinn, a leading reactor authority and former head of the Argonne Laboratory, pointed out to the Joint Committee that there were at least five promising reactor types not being fully explored under the present program. "Nuclear reactors of certain types," said Dr. Zinn, "which ultimately might produce machines of superior performance in a power network, might never come into existence simply because they were not tried out on a substantial scale sufficiently early in the nuclear power development program."

But there is another time factor involved. By 1960, Russian experts have promised to produce more than 2.5 million kilowatts of nuclear generated power, utilizing several reactor types. Our present plans, assuming no delays for Mr. Cisler and others, look to approximately 1.1 million kilowatts by that year. While we need not engage in a kilowatt race, since our production based on conventional fuels continues to be adequate and economic, Gore bill proponents argue that we shall lose a tremendous international advantage if the Soviets forge ahead of us in peacetime applications of the atom.

CONGRESSIONAL supporters of the bill, to demonstrate that they do not seek to curtail the private-enterprise program, have indicated a willingness to support the government indemnity legislation and the amendment to the Public Utility Holding Company Act sought by the private companies. They failed, however, to appease Strauss and most of the utility spokeman who bitterly resisted the Gore bill during the Joint Committee hearings this year. Their opposition continued even after the bill was substantially modified to provide that the reactors be built at present AEC installations where their entire electric output can be readily absorbed—an ingenious arrangement for avoiding the issue of public versus private power.

Strauss has insisted that he would be prepared for the AEC to build prototype reactors only if and when he felt private enterprise failed to handle the task. He objected strenuously to the wording of the Gore bill, which "directed" the AEC to carry out the accelerated program. ". . . That is the kind of an expression you use to your valet," he remarked snappishly to committee members.

The Gore bill was reported out of committee by a 14-0 vote, with several Republican members concurring and others abstaining. It passed the Senate, but in the House, after urgent opposition from Administration spokesmen, it was defeated during the closing days of Congress by a solid alliance of Republicans and coal-district Democrats who seem to feel that any progress in atomic power will hurt their constituencies. In angry retaliation, Democratic leaders refused to call up the government indemnity bill or the holding-company amendment. Reactor-development legislation ended in a complete stalemate.

A Fate Worse than Dixon-Yates

Recriminations have flown thick and fast. Before Congress adjourned, Appropriations Committee Chairman Clarence Cannon (D., Missouri) distributed a draft of a committee report—later toned down a bit—that was bitterly denunciatory of the AEC Chairman. ". . . What are we accomplishing?" it asked. "The answer inescapably is that we are stagnating because of the dogmatic attitude of Chairman Strauss . . . [President Eisenhower's] pledge to the world has been effectively thwarted by reason of a philosophy on the part of Mr. Strauss . . ."

Both Anderson and Holifield have promised to introduce legislation in the next Congress to reorganize the AEC into separate groups for research and development activities and for licensing and regulatory functions. Gore says he will bring up his bill for a second fight.

On the other side, Mr. Cisler has evidently decided that the best defense lies in all-out attack. To reporters, he accused the objectors to his construction permit of being willing to use any subterfuge to impose public power on the country, while one of his associates added that the Gore program would mean "the death knell of private power in America." It would be one of the hottest issues of the 1956 campaign, Mr. Cisler predicted, apparently with no qualms about involving his project still further in partisan crossfire.

There is shock and even horror among many observers at this disposition to turn atomic power development into an all-or-nothing fight. There is even regret that Cisler, who has appeared to be genuinely devoted to atomic progress, should have allowed himself to get into this untenable position. It was sad, one observer commented, to see a decent guy like Colonel Cisler trembling on the brink of a fate worse than Edgar Dixon's.

BUT MANY observers believe that the issue is vastly more important than the Dixon-Yates affair, which also turned into a do-or-die effort by Mr. Strauss. That time it was an attempt to establish a private-utility beachhead in TVA territory, with the AEC acting as broker.

This time, the angry opposition to the Gore bill, accompanied by the urgent haste to get going on a "free-enterprise" reactor, reveals a superstitious blindness that may expose the nation to an appalling danger. It is not so much a danger to public safety, especially now that the issue has been clearly raised. The more demonstrable harm may come from the fetishistic devotion to a brand of riskless private enterprise pushed so far that this nation may come out second best in the atomic power race. After all, the President pledged that the United States would devote its *entire* heart and mind, not just the best efforts of its private utilities.

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What the President Could Do About School Desegregation

CHARLES ABRAMS

ALTHOUGH neither of our two major parties has committed itself to implementing the Supreme Court's school-desegregation decision, both have agreed on what not to do. In their platform the Democrats "reject all proposals for the use of force to interfere with the orderly determination of these matters by the courts," while the Republicans say, "Use of force or violence by any group or agency will tend only to worsen the many problems inherent in the situation." The Democrats would leave enforcement to the courts alone, and the Republicans have come up with nothing more specific than "intelligent study, understanding, education and good will."

Meanwhile, six states have declared the Federal decision null and void, while a growing number of local communities are saying, "Come and make us do it," and in some instances mobs have been taking the law into their own hands.

THE NOTION that the Federal courts can bring about compliance through their own resources is partly responsible for the present dilemma. A court's entire personnel consists of a stenographer and some attendants. It has no facilities for educating the public, no public-relations funds to defend or popularize its positions, no nation-wide staff to counteract the obstruction of local officials. A Federal court's only tangible power to enforce its orders against disobedience is contempt proceedings; and in the rare cases when such contempt orders are issued, obedience almost invariably follows as a matter of course. When it does not, a United States marshal can imprison the violator until he purges himself of the contempt or pays the penalty prescribed. If the marshal is helpless, he may deputize additional marshals or, if even more support is needed, he may call upon the military. But the use of troops has been even more rare than willful disobedience. And it is hard to see how bayonets could compel Southern parents to send their children into mixed classrooms.

Brownell's Lost Words

Before the desegregation order, the Supreme Court was seriously concerned about its enforceability and heard extended argument on the question. At that time Attorney General Herbert Brownell, urging the Court to undertake enforcement through the district courts, promised supplemental aid: "The responsibility for achieving compliance with the Court's decision," he said in the closing paragraph of his brief, "does not rest on the judiciary alone. Every officer and agency of government, Federal, state, and local, is likewise charged with the

duty of enforcing the Constitution and the rights guaranteed under it."

But that "duty" has never been assumed by the Federal government or its agencies. The consequence has been an ever-increasing amount of open defiance. Since enforcement through contempt proceedings necessitates force and since force has been denounced by both parties, what remedy remains for effecting compliance?

THE PLAIN FACT of the matter is that some kind of force is essential when law is challenged. Indeed, no sooner had the party platforms condemning force been issued than the governors of Kentucky and Tennessee had to use force to curb mobs that had been attempting to keep Negro children from asserting their rights under the decree.

The trouble with the word "force" is that unless it is qualified it has a bewildering diversity of meanings. In its most general sense, it includes not only the use of physical means but also of power, compulsion, and constraints of other kinds. Some sanctions must be employed when the force of law as imposed by a free society surrenders to the law of force as imposed by mobs. Such force not only embraces compulsion by police and military action but may also include extralegal devices such as political, economic, or moral influences.

The primary responsibility for enforcing Federal law rests upon the Executive. The negation of force in carrying out a decree can only imply a repudiation of the judicial power, with dire consequences for the national integrity.

The Executive's Failure

There is, therefore, as much need for clear debate on the issue of how the Negro and white races are to live together in this country as there was at the time of Lincoln and Douglas. But unlike the period of Lincoln and Douglas, force need not mean only the invasion of states by Federal troops. For the government of Lincoln enjoyed a very limited sovereignty in an individualistic society whose authority was circumscribed by the express powers of the Constitution. The war power was confined to periods of hostility; the welfare power reposed mainly in the states; the commerce and other powers were confined principally to encouragement or mild regulation; the Federal police power was nonexistent. A test of Federal sovereignty had to be made in 1861 through the war power because there were no alternative powers with which to achieve respect for the Federal authority.

The Federal government of today, however, is a dynamic sovereignty whose influence reaches into every aspect of the economy. Its welfare power is now substantive, its other powers extensive. It is the greatest single source for spending and lend-

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ing money for new ventures; it finances housing and city development, controls credit, insures investments, grants huge subsidies to private and public agencies; it builds dams, atom plants, roads, and public works. It permeates almost every phase of enterprise and touches every local official and citizen.

Accordingly, a whole arsenal of devices exists upon which the President may now draw to assert his vast prestige, influence, and power. The pre-eminence of Federal power, along with a general respect for law, has made continued resistance to Federal authority unthinkable. When the desegregation decision was handed down in 1954, it was met with sullen acquiescence, but not with general defiance. It was only when the moral force of the Court's decree was allowed to collapse through the wavering of the President and through his failure to back the decisions with his prestige that Southern dissidents were emboldened to flout the Federal authority. The law-respecting and more liberal citizens of the South soon found themselves engulfed in a surge of intransigent emotion that compelled them to join the insurgents if they were not to lose their own positions in the community and, in some cases, their political futures. Now that moral force has waned, the question is how respect for Federal law can be re-established.

ONE WAY is to do nothing, or as President Eisenhower has put it, to wait until the "hearts of men" are changed. But enough has happened already to demonstrate that Southern resistance has established a firm foothold and even built up a "moral" case for immoral disobedience. The irresponsibles who fatten on dissent and flourish on the collapse of authority are taking command, and the rank and file are becoming their pawns—approving, bewildered, indifferent, or helpless. Simultaneously Southern liberalism —aristocratic in its origins and lacking mass support but which once gave hope of leading the South toward real democracy—has been subordinated and submerged.

There are a number of things that can still be done to restore the Federal authority. A Presidential commission of eminent citizens representing both South and North could be appointed to investigate the issues and place them in a rational light. It could hold open hearings, bringing out the views of educators, churchmen, and other prominent citizens. By patiently presenting constructive views on the problem, such a commission could begin building a case for return to law. Continued intervention by the Attorney General in cases involving defiance of the Court's order would fortify the Federal position.

There is also the patronage power. The responsible elements in the South—the Sparkmans, the Kefauvers, the Hills, the Fulbrights—should be favored, even though they may disagree with the Supreme Court ruling. Federal appointees with a respect for the Constitution can provide a counterforce against local officials who truckle to mass hysteria.

Money Talks

The Federal economic power must also be taken into account. The operations of the President's Committee on Government Contracts should be expanded and its funds increased. All local public agencies receiving Federal aid should be made subject to its rules, conciliation procedures, and orders.

Allocations of public-works projects could favor communities that show respect for the law. The Federal government often draws upon large pools of workers, both Negro and white, in connection with its atom plants, dam projects, and other Federally owned installations. There is no reason why it has to sanction segregation patterns in violation of law or designate projects in areas where violation is inevitable. When President Truman ordered the Federal Housing Administration to withhold mortgage insurance whenever FHA-aided projects excluded tenants because of race, the restrictive covenant became a dead letter. The same process could be applied to other subsidized operations.

The Housing and Home Finance Agency makes possible the development and rebuilding of neighborhoods in cities and affects the distribution of population. It influences the policies of builders, bankers, and city officials. Segregated neighborhoods make school segregation inevitable and should be viewed as repugnant to Federal policy. The Racial Relations Service, which helped encourage fair treatment for minorities in the South as well as the North, should resume the constructive role it played until Housing Administrator Albert M. Cole scuttled its staff.

Existing civil-rights laws are far from perfect, and Congress should certainly strengthen them, but even in their present form they afford an opportunity for the assertion of Federal authority by the Attorney General. A Federal statute makes it a crime to obstruct justice; another authorizes indictment where certain court orders are disregarded; the Federal Civil Rights Act makes it a crime for two or more persons to conspire to deprive a citizen of his civil rights and prohibits any public officer from depriving anyone of such rights. Indictment for violations in flagrant cases would have a salutary effect even if Southern juries failed to bring in convictions.

The FBI can and should investigate troublemakers as it did in 1951, when its intervention promptly ended a series of anti-Negro dynamitings in Miami. But though the FBI took the trouble to announce intervention in a minor racial skirmish near Buffalo recently, it has kept strangely quiet in the South. Failure to indict the mob leaders in such outbreaks as those in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, Clay and Sturgis, Kentucky, and Clinton, Tennessee, undermines not only Federal prestige but also local officials who favor law and order.

IN SHORT, the issue is no longer force or no force, but the kind of force and other pressures or inducements that should be employed. Manifestly, all the devices available to the government need not be used all at once, and some may never have to be used at all. But the catalogue of devices is ample and can be effective if only the Executive is disposed to use them. They should be considered as part of a well-planned program designed to restore Federal sovereignty over a situation now in chaos. Restoration of such authority is even more important to the national welfare than the desegregation decisions themselves.

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A Would-be Quixote In a Land Without Windmills

JOHN ROSSELLI

THE ANGRY young man is a stock character in literature, for the good reason that he is a stock character in life. But what happens when, as in the England of Sir Anthony Eden, there is no longer very much for him to be angry about, or—even if he finds a bone to gnaw—no longer very much he can do about it? No one had convincingly shown us the ineffectual English Cain, Eden model, until May of this year, when a young playwright, John Osborne, put him on the London stage, alive and kicking—kicking, indeed, in all directions, not least in the direction of himself.

Look Back in Anger, the first work by Osborne—an actor still in his twenties—to reach the stage, is the hit of the season at the Royal Court, a small theater where a group called the English Stage Company set out earlier this year to produce new, mostly "uncommercial" plays under a repertory system. The first two offerings, a play by the established novelist Angus Wilson and Arthur Miller's *The Crucible,* met with no great success. Then came *Look Back in Anger,* by a man hardly anyone had heard of. It annoyed some critics, stirred others to enthusiasm, and drew the audiences the company had been looking for. Now it is filling the Royal Court bill on its own until repertory starts up again in the late fall; and its author has had the publicity that England, more than any country with the possible exception of France, gives to the successful young.

Mixing Memory and Desire

Jimmy Porter — Osborne's hero — would find matter for his sardonic anger in having made a hit at the box office as well as in the intellectual weeklies. He is twenty-five, the son of vaguely working-class parents (where he comes from is never quite clear), and he has been graduated from one of the ungilded provincial universities that England lumps together under the name "Redbrick"—only Jimmy says his was "not even red brick, but white tile." Now he has come so far from the liberal arts as to be running a candy store in a Midlands industrial town. He and his wife share a squalid attic room and a marriage that is mostly "a very narrow strip of plain hell"—a bond of mutual torment that yet holds them together. In the next room lives a friend who helps to keep them from tearing each other to pieces or from flying apart: a scruffy, cheerful specimen of the self-taught common man.

It is a warm, intimate, and violent life these three have together in their burrow. They sit around reading the Sunday papers while Alison, the wife, irons; they make tea and quarrel about who is to make it; they turn on the radio and quarrel about that; the two men go into sudden wrestling matches, upsetting the furniture all around the room; or they start up a vaudeville routine, singing corny tunes with words that mingle bawdry with references to T. S. Eliot; or they have animal games—Cliff, the friend, is at one point a mouse, while Jimmy and Alison (alone and in a rare moment of tenderness) are bear and squirrel. Above all, Jimmy talks. He rants, he nags, he speechifies, he insults and taunts his wife beyond endurance; he works himself into fits of self-pity or rage at being alive at this time, in this place.

AND THAT is all, or nearly all. Little happens. Jimmy does at length goad his wife into leaving him. She comes of a different and hated class: Her father is a retired Anglo-Indian colonel, her mother a "rhinoceros," her brother a "straight-backed, chinless wonder" Member of Parliament (Tory, presumably) whom Jimmy calls "the Platitude from Outer Space." To Jimmy she is a hostage from the old order that has tried to keep him at bay and has made England what it is. He torments her for being a woman, for failing in her "well-bred malaise" to match or meet halfway the intensity of his own neurotic suffering, which Alison can only bear dumbly.

Then she finds she is pregnant. She does not tell him, because the prospect of having a child by Jimmy appalls her. This is the moment he picks to snarl at her: "If you could have a child, it would die. Let it grow, let a recognisable human face emerge from that little mass of India rubber and wrinkles. Please—if only I could watch you face that. I wonder if you might even become a recognisable human being yourself. But I doubt it."

The wife leaves. A girl friend of hers, from the same background, takes her place in Jimmy's bed and in his love and hate. But after a time Alison returns. She has had a miscarriage and can have no more children, she has been dragged down into the mud of suffering where Jimmy wanted her. Out goes the mistress, back comes the wife; and the two, hurt bear and hurt squirrel (with the friend next door), are left in their burrow, to their talk.

The Prevalence of Jimmyism

That is the play—a study, some would say, in squalor and adolescent frustration. Why then has it succeed-

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ed? First, because it is a good play though an imperfect one. It has heart: It is about real people, with blood and brains and feelings; and in showing what they do to one another it has guts—something rare on the London stage, where *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* is banned and the native modern play still runs to teacups in

the drawing room. The talk crackles away and hammers home; it is up-to-the-minute talk, larded with the American press agent's slang that has become current in England (Jimmy's name for fashionable religiosity is "spiritual beefcake"). The play's faults—it has plenty—are technical: Characters out of Jimmy's past are continually mentioned but never play the part they are meant to in explaining his motives, and the ending is too abrupt. None of this really matters, though. The play rings a bell.

The younger the hearer, the louder and clearer the bell. You could tell that much from the critics' first reactions. They ranged from the veteran critic of the *Times* ("passages of good violent writing, but its total gesture is altogether inadequate") to a young writer in *Truth* magazine who simply took sides with Jimmy ("this illegitimate child of Freud and the 1940's . . . those who blame him . . . should have thought twice about making such an unholy mess of the world"). The play, he said, "will not be good for the blood pressure of the older generation. We who were up at the university with Jimmy Porter, however, are doing no more than our duty . . . in hailing a tremendously exciting new talent . . . which is aware of the deeper difficulties that many of his generation have had to face, and which reproduces the talk of his chosen figures with an uncanny accuracy and a burning conviction."

WHATEVER Jimmy does to the blood pressure of the middle-aged, he certainly excites the young. They come out of the theater enthusiastic; some go back two or three times. Why? Probably because Jimmy, though not *the* English angry young man of 1956, is what the angry young man might be. Jimmy is extreme: extreme in his self-defeat, his immaturity, his fascination and disgust with sex, which, indeed, recalls Strindberg. Yet there is more Jimmyism about than most people (and especially most English playwrights) admit. I have heard a bright, normal-seeming Oxford graduate of twenty-five quote with relish Jimmy's tirade against the messiness and noisiness of women as they bang about their saucepans and pots of face cream—"the eternal flaming racket of the female." Another was oddly thrilled by Jimmy's imprecation against church bells (he runs to the window and shouts, "Wrap it up, will you?").

Jimmy, although educated, is not nice. He is a would-be Quixote in a land without windmills. He makes a row with a jazz trumpet; he used

to descend on parties given by his wife's genteel friends and louse them up. In England, education disciplines the young, more insistently than elsewhere, to niceness, gentleness, and civilized manners; but it seems now that many young people long not to be nice.

Jimmy's rebellion, though, is wider than that and more futile. It is futile because the old fortresses are gone and there is nothing to assault except the drab, cushioned enclosure of the welfare state. Jimmy's father fought and died in the Spanish civil war. "I suppose," says Jimmy, "people of our generation aren't able to die for good causes any longer. We had that done for us, in the '30's and '40's, when we were kids." In the '50's there is still the H-bomb, but to be killed by that would be like "stepping in front of a bus." The romantic radical is out of a job—born, as Jimmy's mistress says, "out of his time . . . he thinks he's still in the middle of the French Revolution." ("An Eminent Victorian," rejoins his wife.) His sense of "the pain of being alive" finds no refuge in modish Christian conservatism—that gilt-edged investment in the next world which is now being pushed, says Jimmy, by the "genuflecting sin jobbers"; he nevertheless suspects they are right in proclaiming that "Reason and Progress, the old firm, is selling out," or at least that the old firm's stock is low. There is nothing for him to do but mock at the established pomposities, mild as they are—his reference to some bishop's "very moving appeal to all Christians to do all they can to assist in the manufacture of the H-bomb" gets a knowing laugh from the audience—nothing for him to do but mock at himself for being able to do no more than mock.

The Best Lack All Conviction

All this might be merely the common disillusionment of the unripe with the world they find about them. But at one time, as Jimmy says, they might have tried to do something about it and perhaps had at least the satisfaction of dying. Not now. In his ineffectual way, Jimmy is a vest-pocket version of Stendhal's Julien Sorel, who lived in a country wearied by years of heroism and social change, as England probably is today. But the English Julien of 1956 is not likely to find even in individual violence an outlet for a thwarted sense of dedication. The heroes of popular novels by young authors—Kingsley Amis's *Lucky Jim* is the prime example—share Jimmy's class resentment and his truculence; but they are content to blow a rasp-

berry at the world of the welfare state and get on with the dishwashing.

Look Back in Anger goes deeper. England has long had in its bodies social and politic a deep strain of Jerusalem seeking—of looking for the blessed self-fulfillment

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Blake had in mind when he wrote:

. . . Bring me my spear: O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire.
I will not cease from mental fight
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

But England, wearily victorious, fully employed, heavily taxed, seems tired now: tired of war, of austerity, of socialism, of imperialism, of bright new departures and old inheritances; anxious chiefly to cultivate its garden, repaint the back door, and then sit down to watch the television set—if only it weren't for the continual rumbling over the wall. The Jerusalem strain has gone underground. Not by accident, both Jimmy and his father-in-law, the old colonel, look back with some nostalgia on the Edwardian age, the noonday of Liberal and Imperial England—"all homemade cakes and croquet," says Jimmy only half-mockingly, "bright ideas, bright uniforms . . high summer, the long days in the sun." And for the colonel "the last day the sun shone" was the day he and his like left India and returned to decent, shabby, diminished England. "You're hurt," his daughter tells him, "because everything is changed. Jimmy's hurt because everything is the same. And neither of you can face it. Something's gone wrong somewhere, hasn't it?" And the old man replies: "It looks like it, my dear."

ENGLISHMEN much younger than he, but more grown-up and balanced than Jimmy, learn not to regret too bitterly, and not to rage; instead they look back with a sense of staleness and some unease, and forward—even as they go about the business of living in their crowded burrows—with a sense of emptiness.

"Something's gone wrong"—it is no clearer than that—and will not go right until somehow the new Jerusalem rises again into sight.

Japan's Delinquents: Children of the Sun and Moon

MARK SCHORER

A NEW WORD has come into the Japanese language, *taiyozoku,* whose literal meaning is "sun tribe" or "sun family," but which bears no reference to the Shintoist belief that Japan's Imperial ancestors descended from the sun; it refers, rather, to a new kind of juvenile delinquent.

Delinquency among the young is part of a general increase in hoodlumism and crime that is in itself a part of the decay of morale that followed upon defeat and accompanied the occupation. The wave is just now at its peak all over Japan, but it is especially high in the Tokyo area. One set of police statistics recently made public asserted that there are now three hundred thousand hoodlums in Japan and that in the first six months of the year the number of crimes was fifty per cent higher than during the same period last year. The most surprising revelation of these figures is that ninety per cent of Japanese criminals are somewhere between fifteen and twenty years old, many of them girls and young women.

This development is to be understood in part by the democratization of Japan, by the general loosening of social restrictions that the country has enjoyed since the end of the war, by the new position of women, by the decline of parental authority and, indeed, of the family itself as a social unit. In the general public clamor, it is not surprising to hear a shrill demand for censorship, nor is it remarkable that conservative educators seize upon this situation as a basis for their demand that postwar coeducation come to an end and that the sexes be segregated again in the schools. But at the center of the public consciousness, important as a symbol if not precisely as a cause, is the curious figure of Shintaro Ishihara.

Ishihara is twenty-three years old, a graduate only last March of Hitotsubashi University in Tokyo, where he was a major in social psychology. In less than three years he has published four books, each consisting of five or six long short stories, and from three of these stories sensationally successful films have been made by Nikkatsu, the biggest of the postwar studios. He has become in a very short time one of Japan's richest young men—he is almost certainly its richest young writer—and his films have become a public scandal.

They have created the "sun tribe" in the sense that they have created its image of itself, much as Hemingway, thirty years ago, gave a section of a generation an image of itself and defined its attitude and mode of conduct, or as Fitzgerald before

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him gave an image of itself to another section. But Hemingway and Fitzgerald did not in themselves become symbols, as young Ishihara apparently has. And his symbolic power will hardly be reduced with the release of his next film, "The Summer of Eclipse," in which he himself stars as his hero.

The first of his stories to be filmed was called "Season of the Sun," or "*Taiyo no Kisetsu*," and from this title came the term "*taiyozoku*." Along with the term, the film made popular a certain mode of dress that characterizes the *taiyozoku*—western sports clothes with a restrained touch of the pachuco garb—and a fashion in young men's hair styles now known throughout Japan as the Shintaro haircut. This is not at all the long-haired greasy ducktail that our juvenile delinquents have made familiar, but a rather attractive if quite self-conscious version of the crew cut—short, brushed forward over the forehead, and looking very washed. From the film, too, came the attitude, now known as Shintarism, that underlies the conduct of the *taiyozoku*, an attitude that has been summarized for me by a Japanese journalist as "Life is short, do all we can."

Violence with a Troubled Brow

The characters in "Season of the Sun," as in the other Ishihara films, are rich young men and women, usually university students, living in westernized beach houses at fashionable resorts like Kamakura. Much of their time is spent in bathing suits, in boats or on the beach. When they are more fully clothed, they drive sports cars, or shoulder their way into small night clubs listlessly to jitterbug, or lounge about over western drinks. They have no purpose but the pursuit of physical sensation, whether in sex or violence, and usually these two are brought together in one way or another to provide the climax of the story.

Shintaro Ishihara

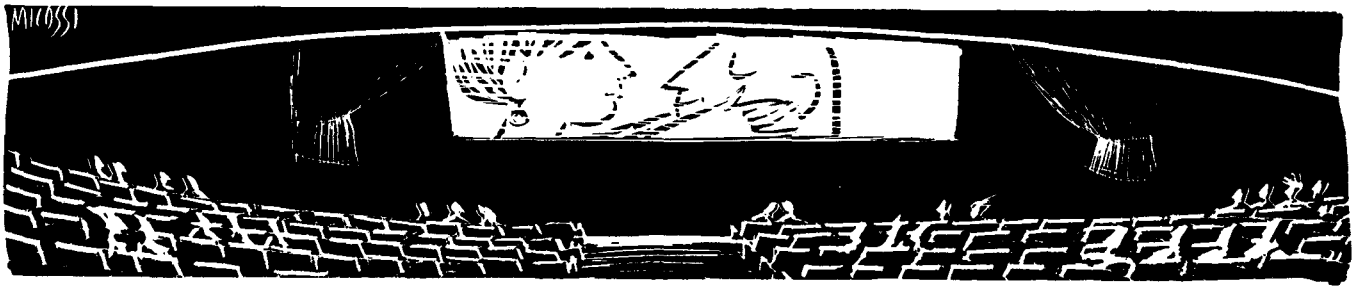
"Season of the Sun" depicts an affair between a young man and woman who cannot commit themselves to one another beyond the physical relationship. After the young woman has died in childbirth the boy hurls a stone at her funeral photograph and shouts at her mourning family, "You can't understand!" End of film. "Punishment Room," which involves the rape of a young woman by a young man who has drugged her, is mainly concerned with a brutal and protracted retaliatory lynching by beating. "Crazed Fruit," the best of these films—and quite a good one—contrasts the lyric love of a younger brother with the brutal love of his older brother for the same young married woman (her cuckold husband is an American), who responds to each kind. When the younger brother discovers the situation he pursues the other two, who are sailing, in a motorboat named *Sun Season*. He circles their craft for a hair-raising ten minutes, until the girl hysterically leaps into the water, whereupon he kills both by racing his boat over the swimming girl and crashing it into the sailboat. The picture ends with a close-up of the young man's troubled face as he circles away from the wreckage.

None of these films ever raises questions of responsibility, of guilt, of retribution. To an American, this last is their most remarkable omission. (He may also be surprised at the frank use of the camera in exploiting sexual details: a lingering shot of the loins of a boy and girl in a beach embrace; a girl putting a boy's hand on her breast as she seduces him.) "Season of the Sun" followed almost immediately upon the Japanese release of "The Blackboard Jungle," a picture that caused a good deal of alarm among adults and was banned in many theaters. Its elements of violence and general tone and setting have been widely imitated in Japan. Yet one cannot help observing that the American film distributes justice in the usual Hollywood fashion, whereas the Japanese films attempt no such moral resolutions, nor do they even suggest them.

The presentation of situation for its own sake, without much attention either to psychological motivation or to moral resolution, is in the tradition of the Japanese theater and film as it is in the tradition of Japanese fiction, but it is probably exactly here that one can discover the source of the wide social influence of the Ishihara films and of their many imitations. With the success of the Nikkatsu ventures, other studios soon came up with similar scripts by other young people, to which they gave similar treatment.

Apers and Gorillas

It is conventionally said of the Japanese that they are more literally imitative than the people of other cultures. This can be more properly



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pursued by a cultural anthropologist than by the present writer, but it might be pointed out that after witnessing "Punishment Room," three young hooligans in Shinjuku raped a young woman in a precisely imitative fashion and admitted to the police that they had wanted to emulate the episode in the film. Similarly, the group crime, especially the mass rape, has become rather common in the general growth of delinquency, as if in imitation of the swaggering group relationships that characterize the Ishihara films.

But chiefly, of course, it is the attitude, a certain naïve and untested hedonism, that has made itself felt most pervasively, and it has spread far beyond the weary young rich to the more numerous poor. For them, too, these poor imitators of the *taiyozoku,* there is now a name: *gekkozoku,* or "moonlight tribe." They can be seen everywhere: at the beaches and the amusement parks, in the dimly lit all-night coffee bars of Tokyo, loitering in the streets among the pimps who are the great bore of every western male visitor to Tokyo, roaring along the highways on their scooters, in boots and blue jeans and dark glasses.

At Home with Mr. Ishihara

All the more fascinating, then, to meet Shintaro Ishihara himself and discover a gracious and serious young man, sensitive and charming in a gravely thoughtful way. Recently married, he lives in a completely traditional style in a lovely new Japanese house (sane fruit of his royalties) situated in Zushi, a fashionable beach resort below Kamakura that is attractive to writers and artists. Calling there one Saturday evening in August, I detected no western influences except in Ishihara's clothes. He had been on the set of "The Summer of Eclipse" all day and was wearing the sport shirt in which he appears in the picture. (These are low-budget films by our standards and the shirt is no doubt his own.) All was ceremonious: the kneeling servant girl in the entry, her forehead on the mat; the domestic shrine in the central area and no other furniture but the low square table with its four floor pillows; tea, hard cakes, melon; subdued conversation; shoes removed. Like most educated

Ishihara with Mieko Takamine in a scene from one of his movies

Japanese, Ishihara reads English, but he speaks it haltingly, and we talked through a friend who had come with me as interpreter.

With the publication of *Season of the Sun,* Ishihara received the most distinguished literary award in Japan, the Akutagawa Prize, named in honor of the author of *Rasho-Mon.* The prize was awarded to Ishihara for a notable freshness of style and perception in his first stories; but the award caused a pained and even outraged protest from a number of famous older writers and, because of the nature of Ishihara's subject matter, initiated the equally sensational publicity that has attended him at every step of his brief career.

What does he think of that publicity? He doesn't like it and he cannot regard it as fair, but his training in social psychology teaches him the futility of protesting against it.

The spacious house, built for a family, prompts another question: Does he have children? Not yet. He hasn't been married long enough. But they will come.

His reply leads naturally enough to the next: What does he think of the influence that his work apparently has on the young? He feels that he is less responsible for that than is the kind of publicity the newspapers have given him.

What, precisely, is his literary intention in dealing with the kind of characters that concern him? He wishes to depict a new kind of generation, a generation that can find no acceptable social forms in contemporary Japanese life with which to identify itself and into which to direct its energies. It does have energies, and while these can be squandered and even brutalized as at present, they can also become constructive.

Does he see positive forces in Japanese life that will make them so? Politics? The new democratic institutions? He will not venture to make predictions. He is interested primarily in the present facts.

What American novelists has he read and admired? Hemingway and Dreiser. For what qualities? Dreiser for his candid treatment of social facts, Hemingway for his direct line of action and minimum of comment. Does he feel that either has influenced him? He doesn't know.

The Fruit of Two Lions

Would he be willing to say exactly how much money he has made? He turns the question aside to ask whether it is wrong to make money; whether it is wrong even to do some things deliberately for money in order to be able to afford to do the things that one really wants to do. That question I simply ignore, in

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my turn, to ask whether he has in fact done that. Yes. For example, he wrote the story of "Crazed Fruit" in a single evening, by deliberately combining one suggestion from *The Idiot* with another from *Manon Lescaut*.

Does he approve of the film treatment of his stories? Not entirely—things are changed, sensational elements are sometimes played up. (Whether this is strictly true I cannot be certain, but I am told that in the fictional version of "Season of the Sun," the hero stands naked before the heroine in order to excite her, whereas in the film version the shot is necessarily cut at the hips.) He hopes some time soon to write an entire scenario and completely direct a picture, so that it will be his alone. In the story he hopes to deal with a much broader section of Japanese youth than has yet appeared in his films.

Does he like to act? It is harder than writing.

Does he have any plans for visiting the United States? Yes, he hopes to come next year with his director, to study Hollywood techniques among other things. He laughs embarrassedly when he confesses that his director believes that Ishihara can serve as his interpreter.

Could we visit the set next day? The set had been shut down for the coming week; otherwise, of course.

I had kept him long enough. He excused himself and returned with copies of his books, which he inscribed and gave to me. We put on our shoes. Then, as we started up the path to the walled gate at the street, his wife appeared for the first time. They stood together, bowing in the doorway, and he called "Good night" in English.

ON THE DAY that I left the country, I read that Nikkatsu had agreed to make no more *taiyozoku* films, and had decided to drop its plans for Ishihara's "Gray Classroom"—in which a young student who feels that life holds nothing for him attempts three times to commit suicide, and decides that he is not a complete failure because he failed at suicide. I wondered whether the closing down of the "Summer of Eclipse" set meant some corresponding revision in the plans for that movie too.

How That Man Got to the White House

SIDNEY HYMAN

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT: THE TRIUMPH, by Frank Freidel. *Little, Brown. $6.*

"Franklin D. Roosevelt is no crusader," Walter Lippmann concluded in his column of January 8, 1932. "He is no tribune of the people. He is no enemy of entrenched privilege. He is a pleasant man who, without any important qualifications for the office, would very much like to be President."

Divorced from all else, these words now strike the eye as a whopping misprint. They appear different, however, when they are read in the context of what Dr. Freidel unfolds in *The Triumph*. One sees there why Roosevelt could be so judged, and why many thoughtful Wilsonians once dismissed him as an amiable and rudderless lightweight who was all things to all men.

NOT that the author uses the pages of *The Triumph* to reaffirm that view of a quarter of a century ago. Far from it. In this third volume of a projected six-volume biography of F.D.R. (the preceding two were *The Apprenticeship* and *The Ordeal*), Dr. Freidel swiftly states his own conclusions about Roosevelt's governorship, Presidential nomination, and victorious campaign in 1932.

"From the outset," he writes, "Roosevelt acted as though he personally had a rendezvous with destiny." There were, to be sure, specific shortcomings. One was his "blithe refusal at times to face up to unpleasant matters. . ." Another was the fact that occasionally "he did indeed lack depth." Nevertheless, Roosevelt "demonstrated a remarkable willingness to improvise when doctrinaire approaches were inadequate, and he displayed a real brilliance in formulating and executing complex political programs of action."

But as judged by some of his contemporaries, why did Roosevelt's shortcomings during this period loom larger than his great gifts? Dr. Freidel's authoritative new volume organizes the answer around two central problems that Roosevelt faced then. Both were related to his fixed ambition to be President. Both demanded the utmost discretion in the timing, content, and proportions of what he chose to call attention to in himself.

Lying Low

Of the two problems, the first was his need to wriggle safely past the booby traps in the rules of "availability" for the selection of Presidential candidates. At best, this always calls for great wariness. In 1932, however, a false move could be fatal, since the Democratic convention was still governed by the two-thirds rule. This meant that in Roosevelt's preconvention maneuverings, the invisible specter he had to appease was a potentially hostile vote of a third of the delegates, which could deny him the nomination despite any simple majority of votes amassed beforehand.

The second of the two central problems was the character of the economic crisis that began in the fall of 1929. Roosevelt was not as quick in grasping its full meaning as his panegyrists of New Deal days liked to believe. But he was not as slow as some of his superficial critics in academic circles have alleged in a later day. By the winter of 1931-1932, he clearly saw that the depression could not be cured by any states'-rights nostrum. Thus in the spring of 1932 he began to assemble his Brain Trust, to re-educate himself along national economic lines, and to prepare in the rough many features of subsequent New Deal legislation. Yet right or wrong, it was Roosevelt's feeling that if he spelled out in detail what he meant to offer, there could be quarrels over particulars leading to the loss of the Democratic nomination and hence

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of any opportunity to apply his economic remedies as President.

Smith, Prohibition, the League

A generation that was to see F.D.R. elected President four times may think it incredible that he ever had reason to doubt his own nomination and election in 1932. It may be thought even more incredible that Al Smith, Newton D. Baker, John Nance Garner, or the forgotten figures of Melvin Traylor and Albert C. Ritchie could be regarded as serious competitors for the nomination or as serious obstacles in Roosevelt's way. But when the 1929-1932 stage of American high politics is isolated as Dr. Freidel isolates it in *The Triumph*, and when Roosevelt is viewed through what he himself could see within the proscenium arch framing that stage, Roosevelt's doubts become understandable.

His advantages, to be sure, were many. He bore a famous last name. He was the governor of the state with the largest electoral vote, and was one of the few Northern Democrats to gain a state executive mansion in the 1928 Presidential debacle the party suffered. Moreover, as a former Vice-Presidential candidate and as Al Smith's successor in New York, he was strategically placed to fill the power vacuum created within the Democratic Party after Smith apparently turned his back on national politics. Since New York itself had a mixed urban-rural character, what Roosevelt did about farm and labor problems could form the "policies" of the Democratic Party nationally. Finally, in Louis McHenry Howe, he had a gifted lieutenant whose sole interest in life was to make F.D.R. President of the United States, and who knew that the scaffolding built to support a Roosevelt governorship in New York could bring the Democratic Presidential nomination and election within reach by 1932.

BUT THE difficulties were also great. In New York, the state legislature was under Republican control and would not give Roosevelt his showcase legislation on his mere say-so. Even under the best conditions, it would be difficult to top Al Smith's creative record as governor.

With respect to Smith himself, one thing soon became clear. He took it as a personal affront when Roosevelt acted as governor in his own right and not as a front man through whom Smith could run the state. Nor was this all. Tammany Hall in this period was shot through with corruption. If Roosevelt temporized with it, it would injure him nationally. If he launched a frontal assault on it at a time when the rural upstate area still had to be won over, he could risk a punitive loss of New York City's bloc votes.

On the national level, besides the rumors about Roosevelt's health, the drawbacks he faced were strung with high-tension wires that could be lethal to anyone who approached them pell-mell. For the Democratic Party had emerged from the 1928 defeat bitterly divided between pro-Smith and anti-Smith factions. How could they be united again around the person of F.D.R.? For him to be a Wringing Wet on Prohibition would alienate the Bone Drys. To be a Bone Dry would alienate the Wringing Wets. To remove the issue altogether from party considerations would bring a swift reaction from other ambitious men who felt that one or the other side of Prohibition still held the key to the party nomination and election in 1932.

The same sorts of risks were an indivisible part of two other matters. One was the League of Nations issue. To be a faithful guardian of Wilsonian internationalism was to invite the continued attacks of William Randolph Hearst, which could be damaging on the West Coast. To appease Hearst by opposing America's entry into the League was to invite the attacks of the internationalists ready to accuse Roosevelt of betraying the Wilsonian legacy.

So too with the tariff issue. To advocate any substantial cuts in the tariff would be to alienate both Eastern and Midwestern interests that felt themselves safe from a European invasion of an already glutted

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market only because of a high tariff wall. But to leave the existing high rates of the Smoot-Hawley Tariff undisturbed would be to alienate the generations of voters for whom a high tariff had been the devil of every campaign piece.

The Road to Success

How these problems were resolved are told in the pages of *The Triumph*. Dr. Freidel, let it be said, is no poet, dramatist, cultural historian, or social psychologist. Because he is none of these things, one must await a different kind of narrative to get a sense of the enveloping atmosphere in which Roosevelt emerged as the Democratic candidate and as the President of the United States in 1932. But to say this is not to detract in the slightest from the special kind of biography Dr. Freidel has been writing. In the two previous volumes of his study of Roosevelt he has shown himself to be a master craftsman at reconstructing patterns of political maneuver. The application of that gift to the intricate maneuvers that carried Roosevelt from the governorship of New York to the White House results in the most lucid and judicious account of the events that has appeared to date.

As Dr. Freidel unfolds his story, part of Roosevelt's success lay in the blunders and bankruptcy of the opposition. Part of it lay in his extraordinary good luck. Part of it, unfortunately, lay in shoddy compromises and evasions. But in the greater part, however much the truth here was dissembled, his success lay in incredibly hard work, in exhaustive attention to detail, and in a tenacity that would never admit defeat. It lay in his exuberant joy in battle, his will to decide, and his readiness to assume personal responsibility for what he decided.

Above all, it lay in the warm and affectionate hospitality to new ideas and to men who were fertile in ideas. It lay in his genius at separating the transient needs from the enduring principle, in deciding with unerring precision what the tension levels of the national community required and could support, and in his unmatched ability to take abstract ideas and transform them into flesh-and-blood realities for his fellow Americans.

The Best Of Anne McCormick

MAX ASCOLI

THE WORLD AT HOME, by Anne O'Hare McCormick. *Knopf. $4.50.*

On the South: "It is easy to understand why European intellectuals, discovering the South in increasing numbers, find themselves more at home there than in other parts of this country. The oldest and most native America is nearer and more intelligible to Europe than is the wild ethnic mixture of the newer America, made out of so many Europes that it is as strange to any as rayon must be to a silk worm—a chemical reaction rather than a race. The South conforms to an order the European recognizes. It is individualist, traditional, stratified, leisurely, homogeneous, as nations are." (July 20, 1930.)

During the depression: "At last we discover that government manages our lives; we wonder if what we suffer is not first of all a crisis of democracy. If it is not a failure of productive or consumptive power, of supply or demand, as obviously it is not, then it must be a failure of the democratic intelligence embodied in political institutions." (June 26, 1932.)

On F.D.R. as a war leader: "Mr. Roosevelt is more at ease in all circumstances, more at home in his position, than any leader of his time. His nerves are stronger, his temper cooler and more even. If he worries, he gives no signs of it. If any doubt of victory ever stirs in the recesses of his mind, it never gets to the surface." (January 25, 1942.)

Many, many more passages could he quoted. Yet the first impression this selection from Anne McCormick's writings makes is almost one of shock. All the articles included are on domestic subjects and broadly fall into three categories: the South, the Depression, and F.D.R. They do not deal with the world abroad that Anne McCormick explored so thoroughly and reported in hundreds upon hundreds of her New York *Times* columns. In fact, the title of the book is *The World at Home*.

Is this all? Are these—to paraphrase the title of the selection William and Henry James published of their father's writing—the literary remains of Anne McCormick?

Perhaps this is all, and I think that the editor of the book, Marion Turner Sheehan, must be congratulated, just as James Reston must be congratulated for his Introduction. Reston writes: "Her column . . . was titled 'Abroad.' But because she wrote 'on top of the news,' because she always put the news ahead of her observations, many of her columns have lost the flavor and freshness of the time."

James Reston, a man to know all there is to know about good reporting, may be right. Or perhaps most of her writing now seems dated because, for all her reporting skill, she frequently read into the news a meaning that was not there.

HERS WAS a unique skill, and I, for one, can hardly think of any other correspondent so successful in catching the news and in vividly conveying its still vibrating impact. All her stories I can remember have a lyric quality, with the inner rhythm and discipline of poetry. She was superb in describing swiftly changing situations, where the change is likely to be creative, and the creation offers hope. She would not have known how to play Cassandra even if she had tried, and in tentatively, nearly always optimistically, anticipating events to come, she always shunned the pompousness of the pundit's role. While always factual, she made lyric poetry of the news—which is perhaps different from writing "on top of the news."

There was something contagious in her sympathy for people. The great makers of history with whom she had frequent, long conversations —what would now be called inter-

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views in depth—were at their best talking with her. Probably they were sincere then, but they could not recapture that humaneness until the next time she came around. At a certain moment, the turn of events made contact with some of them impossible, and she knew then that her sympathy had been wasted.

Her optimism, her confidence in the decency of human nature, no matter how balanced by her talent in weighing hard facts, inclined her to give the benefit of the doubt to quite a number of prominent characters who turned out to be—to say the least—poor confidence risks. This happened particularly with foreign leaders.

At home, it was different. For all his politicking, there was something profoundly good and genuine and human in F.D.R.: Certainly he could be given the benefit of the doubt. The risky evolution of contemporary history, the painful, steady betterment of seemingly hopeless situations, all this could be found in analyzing the Great Depression or our emerging South. At home, she could cover in her columns a span both of space and time, bring the reader to the heart of a situation he was not familiar with, and show how, in tumultuous evolution, there was room for hope. As this book proves, her pattern of foreign reporting worked best at home.

THERE is probably not much sense in complaining about the great history that, given the breadth of her mind and her passion for details, Anne McCormick might have written, or about the poetry she might have brought into shape. She did not want to be a historian; she did not want to write formal poetry. Journalism was her trade, and she deliberately used all her talent, which was unexcelled, in writing just a fragment of the day's history, meant to be read next day.

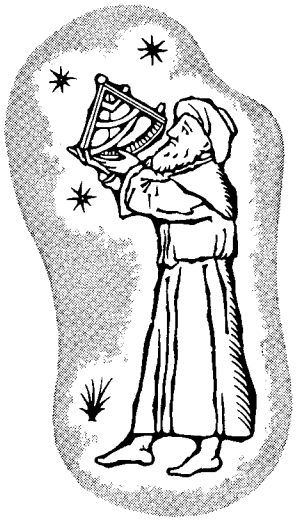
Probably she would have been surprised had she been told that a book of hers would be published containing, among other things, some of the best, lasting descriptions of F.D.R. in action. Or maybe she would have found this to be new evidence that there is a benevolent, inscrutable Providence ruling this world.

Dr. A. Jekyll Toynbee And Mr. Hyde-and-Go-Seek

ANNE FREMANTLE

AN HISTORIAN'S APPROACH TO RELIGION, by Arnold Toynbee. *Oxford. $5.*

In a discussion broadcast on the BBC's Third Programme in the spring of 1948, Dr. Toynbee, after announcing that "we are in for a life-and-death struggle," added that "in this 'mental fight,' I have deliberately risked my neck by putting my own reading of the facts of history on the table." With becoming modesty he went on to say: "I should never dream of claiming that my particular interpretation is the only one possible. . . . I should be well-content



if it turned out that I had laid bare one genuine facet of history, and even then, I should measure my success by the speed with which my own work in my own line was put out of date by further work by other people in the same field."

Perhaps Dr. Toynbee may derive some wry pleasure from the speed with which his "reading of the facts" has been variously interpreted. Long before he became an international best-seller he had been hailed as the anti-liberal's vade mecum, as democracy's answer to dialectical materialism, as a defender of Russia and Islam against the West, and as the West's prophet against the East.

In a brief preface to *An Historian's Approach to Religion,* Dr. Toynbee again refuses to pontificate. "I have had to state my theses rather baldly," he writes, "and this might perhaps give the impression that I have mistaken personal views of mine for *choses jugées.* I know very well that . . . I have been presenting merely one view among many possible alternatives. My object in writing is to ask questions, not to coin dogmas."

YET he is plenty dogmatic, and always has been. He has paid touching tribute to St. Augustine, and he is obviously aware of his right to "sup at journey's end" with the Universal Historians. But he challenges comparison, both in scale and in doctrinaire argumentativeness, with Bossuet, Gibbon, Voltaire, Hegel, and Wells rather than with the "bitter son of Monica." The "my own line" of which he speaks has been a quarter-century-long survey of human history as a whole, less for the purpose of finding there the traces "faint and broken of a super-impending design" than of combing its none too golden fleece in search of the lice of life.

In *Civilization on Trial* he has told how he was spurred to write his monumental ten volumes (begun in 1930 and completed in 1954) by reading and disagreeing with Oswald Spengler's dogmatic determinism. Dr. Toynbee has continuously confronted the pessimism of *The Decline of the West* by declaring that "I don't believe history can be used for telling the world's fortune," and he has crossed his ideological i's and his theological t's by declaring *ex cathedra* (of the BBC!) that "I see a way of escape in a reconversion to the faith of our fathers." Since his listeners might wonder *which* faith, he defines it: As our fathers saw history, "it was a tale told by God, unfolding itself from the

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Among historians, he sees two fundamentally alternative views of history. One, which he calls Indian, sees the rhythm of the universe as a cyclic movement governed by an impersonal law; the other, Jewish, sees it as a nonrecurrent movement governed by intellect and will. A Chinese view, that "History is a series of variations on a theme enunciated at the start . . . a conscious and deliberate act which is inspired by admiration and is achieved by moral effort," he dismisses as static; yet another view, the Late Modern Western, in which the movement of the Universe is "a chaotic, disorderly, fortuitous flux," he sees convicted "of failing to go to the root of the question—'What is the nature of the universe?'—that all historians ought to be trying to answer."

The Three Disciplines

But here is a first rub. *Ought* they? Whether history is a tale told by an idiot or "a manifestation of God's Will" (as the anti-Toynbee scholar Maurice Samuel says it is for Jews), the historian's primary concern should surely be the verifiable chronology of ascertainable facts within a given conceptual frame, leaving the specific nature of that frame to the philosophers and its dimensions to the physical scientists. Dr. Toynbee has often suggested that he sees history as merging into theology. Is not this a woolly-minded refusal to face the distinctions between disciplines? There is a possible philosophy of history—did not Hegel encumber us with one? There are theologies of history galore, but philosophy, theology, and history remain as differentiated as ever they were, not asking the same questions or confounding the answers. *Distinguo* is a very useful word Dr. Toynbee might usefully have added to his immense vocabulary.

There is nothing wrong if in a division of labor between theology, philosophy, and history, each one knows about the other. Yet the *distinguo* is essential. It would have been much better for Dr. Toynbee had he kept it in mind throughout all his prolific writing, and certainly the *distinguo* is needed to judge in which of the three realms his writing belongs. He has a perfect right to speak as historian, philosopher, or theologian, but his readers have an equal right to require him to make it clear with which voice he speaks.

Creator and Created

Dr. Toynbee is often arbitrary in the meanings he gives to words. (One hopes that, like Humpty-Dumpty, he pays them overtime.) For example, "self-centeredness" is for him both a necessity of life and a sin. But he would seem rather to be speaking of self-awareness than of "self-centeredness," since this latter is, by his definition, the essence of life itself. A living creature might be, he writes, "defined as a minor and subordinate piece of the Universe which, by a *tour de force*, has partially disengaged itself from the rest and has set itself up as an autonomous power that strives, up to the limits of its capacity, to make the rest of the Universe minister to its selfish purposes."

Is this supposed to be a scientific account of Genesis? Or is it Indian? Certainly it is in no sense Judaeo-Christian-Moslem. For these "higher religions" no creature ever "disengaged itself" by any *tour de force*, but was at a specific moment disengaged by something, or rather by Someone, *not* itself.

Without a Creator there cannot be "sin." No doubt there can be "striving, grasping," but sin is a "No," a refusal, a denial, of the Creator's will by the created. Certainly self-centeredness is a sin, but self-awareness, the consciousness of one's uniqueness, distinct from anything and everything else in the Uni-

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verse, is not, whatever else it may be, the Original Sin Dr. Toynbee repeatedly asserts it is. Original Sin, those two words so juxtaposed, is commonly used of what Dr. Toynbee would call the "myth of the Fall." And that Fall, whatever it was and whenever it occurred, was a specific action, a disobedience, to an expressed and completely understood command. Its consequences in

Judaeo-Christian "mythology" were mortality, the necessity of working for one's bread, the physical discomforts of childbirth—and the Redemption. For which reason, on the gladdest night of each year, when the Resurrection is celebrated in the most triumphant of her songs, the Catholic Church in the Easter *Exultet* shouts her recognition of Original Sin: *O felix culpa!*

So too, in stating that the view by which the Universe is governed by an impersonal law is Indian, Dr. Toynbee is couching the distinction between monotheism and monism in western terms. For the monist, there is *no* law, personal or impersonal, that governs the Universe: The Universe governs itself, it itself is the only law that prevails. As Emerson paraphrased the Bhaghavad Gita: "If the red slayer think he slays,/Of if the slain think he is slain," slayer and slain are equally wrong, for there is nothing that is separate. Ultimately nature, law, will, intellect, and matter are identical.

But for the Jew, the Christian, or the Moslem, there is only One Who *is* existence, and the distinction between Him and everything which *has* existence is absolute, because existence is given by Him.

Though Dr. Toynbee refuses to be finally committed to either monism or monotheism ("Theology's purpose is to clarify the meaning of myths"), he is definitely Manichaean as regards Man's relation to nature. Nature for him is "this psychic bull" which must either be conquered or cajoled, instead of the Christian's "wonderfully created and still more wonderfully redeemed" flesh, assumed by God Himself and ascended with Him, which each soul will miss even in Heaven, between death and the Last Judgment. Then at last, "soul and body reunited, henceforth nothing will divide."

Adam's Choice

Dr. Toynbee has accounted for the finding of his clue to history—that challenge-and-response hypothesis which is for him what the class war is for Marx or race for Gobineau, the key to every enigma—in Goethe's *Faust*. Here Mephistopheles, created "to be diddled," yet offers God a real challenge. And, writes Dr. Toynbee "if, in response to the Devil's challenge, God genuinely puts His created works in jeopardy, as we must assume that He does, in order to win an opportunity of creating something new, we are also bound to assume that the Devil does not always lose." It is this occasional victory which explains the rise and fall, the breakdowns and disintegrations of civilizations. Einstein once wrote that "The dear God does not play dice." Dr. Toynbee suggests it is His favorite and eternal pastime.

So, too, he argues that "every living creature finds itself in a lifelong quandary," since it "can keep itself alive only in so far, and for so long, as it can contrive to steer clear both of suicide through self-assertion and of euthanasia through self-renunciation." One must assume that Dr. Toynbee means "human" rather than "living" creature, for can he really believe that innocent cabbages and earthworms, jellyfish, and kittens are all included in this lifelong (or life-short) dichotomy? In any case even for Man, this melancholy Procrustean discomfort is very far from what Martin Buber calls "our and Adam's choice," which is, according to the Jews, Christians, and Moslems, offered man at every moment of his conscious life. This choice is between surrender to the living God, by which Man may be-

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come (to use Dr. Toynbee's own quotation from Plato) "like light caught from a leaping flame," and rejection of Him, by which Man becomes ever more separate from Him, until that final loss which Christians call Hell.

God's Free Will

Dr. Toynbee's view of the Gospels and of their Author is somewhat kaleidoscopic. Now he describes them as "the epic cycle of the Hellenic internal proletariat"; now he declares that the "Palestinian lens" gives a glimpse of absolute reality "through a medium that obscures it and distorts it." The suffering savior in the Christian development "is not a man but is God Himself," but Dr. Toynbee wonders what to make of the Christian-Moslem-Zionist version of the Judaic belief in which the unique and final peak in space-time is already in the past, Mohammed the last of the prophets, Jesus the sole incarnation of God. Yet Christ's unique merits cannot "be appropriated by any human being or any institution."

He seems to put the Hellenizing of the Christian message rather late when he says Christianity was presented in semi-philosophical terms fifty years after the publication of the latest of the Gospels. Does he seriously consider the first chapter of St. John free from Hellenic influence? And can the "myth" of a "superhuman spiritual stature in the figure of a hero whose mother is human but whose father is divine" be discarded without taking the heart out of the faiths whose essence the myths convey? Dr. Toynbee thinks that if metaphysics is resolutely discarded, the answer will be "Yes."

Dr. Toynbee thinks that the West rightly discarded Christianity when it came to mean only bloodshed and unmitigated intolerant violence, three hundred years ago, at the close of the wars of religion. And that what led Christianity to this horrid situation was the Judaeo-Christian idea of a Chosen People producing an Only Begotten Son. "No man cometh unto the Father, but by me" is highly improbable, Dr. Toynbee holds, for "Any such idea would seem incongruous with the concept of a God whose thoughts and plans are . . . infinitely greater than the whole of His creation . . . Does not any creature stand convicted of megalomania if he allows himself to imagine that God can have committed Himself in an annunciation to one or more of His creatures, or, still more preposterous, in a covenant with one or more of them, at a particular point in Space-Time?" he asks. And he asserts that it would seem "highly improbable" that a God "whose mind and will govern the whole course of the Universe would compromise the conduct of His government by acting on a caprice." But, if He did, Mr. Toynbee concludes, then "Only one of these absolute claims can be valid if there is any validity in any one of them."

Maurice Samuel, violently accusing Dr. Toynbee of anti-Semitism, in *The Professor and the Fossil* (Knopf, $4), fails to see that what Dr. Toynbee is objecting to is not the Jews but the "primitive volcano-demon of the Arabian Wilderness" Whom Israel apprehended as omnipotent. "How odd/Of God/To choose/The Jews," wrote William Norman Ewer, and Mr. Samuel thinks Dr. Toynbee agrees. But Dr. Toynbee is not saying that God is odd. He is denying Him the right to be odd; in fact, he is negating utterly God's free will, and is reneging on his own statement that he saw a way of escape in a reconversion to the faith of our fathers. Whether Zoroastrian, Jewish, Christian, or Moslem, our fathers believed that Absolute Reality is Truth before He is Love, and that He is absolutely free to use the oddest people—faeces-eating Ezekiel or Jericho-blasting Joshua—whenever and however He pleases.

As always after wrestling with Dr. Toynbee's system, the inevitable question arises: What is this system? Is it history, theology, or philosophy? The *distinguo* is more than ever needed. The system has not the inner discipline of philosophy or the modesty of history. It is theology —the theology of a religion that does not exist in a world desperately obsessed with religion. Here may be the reason for Dr. Toynbee's amazing success: He has given us a theology of religiosity.

What then does Dr. Toynbee mean?

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The Truth in Great Fiction

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE MIRROR IN THE ROADWAY: A STUDY OF THE MODERN NOVEL, by Frank O'Connor. *Knopf. $4.50.*

Not all of us have read all the great novels, not by a long shot, and that makes it strange that the names of the great novelists should mean so much to us—but they do. Their names have an extraordinary evocative power. They compete successfully with the names of great generals, for instance, men who are supposed to have changed history, and sometimes the generals themselves—Kutuzov among others—are remembered primarily because somebody like Tolstoy gave them the immortality that battles cannot provide. Battles and the reasons for battles fade mercifully from memory unless the writer records them. It is the writer—the historian only when he is also a great writer—who creates our interest in history, sending us on to the experts, but only for detail and confirmation. As Frank O'Connor, a craftsman writing about fellow craftsmen, points out: "Who, I wonder, thinks of anything else in connection with Sebastopol except of a young Russian officer and young English nurse?"

The officer of course was Tolstoy, from whose *Sebastopol* "we get the impression that never before has the subject of war been adequately dealt with. . ." Florence Nightingale is in Mr. O'Connor's sentence not just because it is impossible to think of the Crimean War without remembering her, but because her special qualities help Mr. O'Connor determine the two poles between which the nineteenth-century novel oscillates. For Miss Nightingale was moved by a sense of pity; but she was also driven by a passion for accuracy. Her pity was founded on a precise appreciation of percentages —"73% in 8 regiments in 6 months from disease alone . . ."—percentages of death.

REALISM and romanticism, self-control and imagination, object and subject—the variants become tedious. But certainly the nineteenth century's faith in science affected the novelists as it did everyone else, and that faith suffices to mark one of the poles. The other, which is subjective, romantic, and imaginative, is constant, fortunately enough, in all men. So that while the great novelists of this greatest period of novel writing all sought objective truth, all of them also, to a greater or lesser extent, were drawn by the siren call of imagination.

Jane Austen called it poetry. She feared poetry—because she loved it. She wanted to stay within the enclosure she knew. So did Trollope. Dickens succumbed entirely to his personal fantasy; his personages are real only because of the precisely observed landscape in which they move. Yet Dickens protested vehemently against the slightest charge of inaccuracy. Balzac's passion for accuracy led him to create an entire imaginative world of his own for which he fixed the rules. Turgenev objected that not one of Balzac's characters could ever have lived. But they lived—and they still are alive.

It does not matter that Balzac thought their lives were governed by scientific laws or that he encumbered them with endless systems: They broke free from the systems; they defied the laws. Tolstoy too had his systems. They could not prevail against the fact that he saw every object, every living person, in a fresh, dawnlike vision and looked into every heart with compassion.

MR. O'CONNOR'S comments on the novelists of the great period of the novel were first made in lectures delivered at the Harvard Summer School in 1953 and 1954, but they show no trace of the academic approach. In printed form they retain the spontaneity of the spoken word, the sharp intelligence and wit of Mr. O'Connor's own short stories.

At the very beginning Mr. O'Connor does a simple thing: He lists some novels written between 1850 and 1860 by Dickens, Hawthorne,

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Tolstoy, Trollope, Turgenev, and Flaubert—a reminder that the nineteenth-century novel was English, French, Russian, and American. Frontiers meant nothing to it. Born of the Enlightenment, it was nurtured by the emergence of the European middle classes "released by the French Revolution from their intellectual dependence on the aristocracy." The society it depicted has vanished. Mr. O'Connor fears that the novel as he knows and loves it may vanish too.

This old-fashioned realist does not conceal the fact that his concern is with something more important than the fate of a certain form of prose fiction. What he thinks the novel should be is what he thinks life is. He does not think it is, or was, or can be a sequence of disconnected or related images to be endured and narrated in despair.

Mr. Liebling's Latest Love

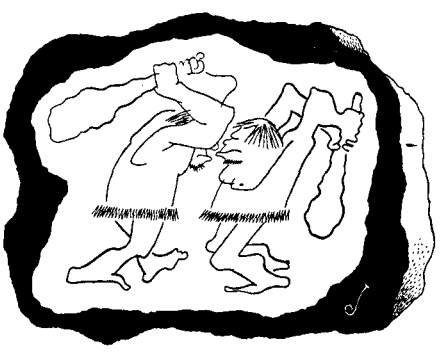
AL NEWMAN

THE SWEET SCIENCE, by A. J. Liebling. *Viking. $3.95.*

Joe Liebling, who for some reason insists on thinly disguising himself behind the pen name of A. J. Liebling, is an expert on several subjects. As a war correspondent he was a buttonless, wrinkled affront to the eye of many a Supply Service general, though combat officers were glad enough to see him because he wrote knowledgeably about battle. For many years he ingratiated himself in the city rooms of the nation by describing in the *New Yorker* magazine's "Wayward Press" department the mal-, mis-, and nonfeasances of newspapers. He wrote a book entitled *Chicago: The Second City*, which will get him a free ride along any street in that metropolis where tar, feathers, and a rail can be assembled swiftly enough.

IN 1951, his interest wandered off to the "Sweet Science of Bruising," an early nineteenth-century euphemism for the gentle art of beak-busting. It is Mr. Liebling's theory that the years 1951-1955 covered by this book—which is composed almost exclusively of the *New Yorker* pieces that have delighted his following—is the last era of fairly good fights before an unpredictably long stretch of stinkeroos. Why is this? Television. The small clubs where young professionals developed their skills have been driven out of business. Even Madison Square Garden has been taken over by fistic encounters staged mainly for the picture tube rather than flesh-and-blood audiences—if the crowds that used to jam the place could be thought of as flesh and blood. The author has another reason for disliking TV: He can't shout badly needed advice to the fighters. Nowadays, the Garden is "like . . . a small private club for listening to chamber music. . ."

Mr. Liebling treats his subject with *élan* and expertise. "And whence," one may ask, "the expertise?" Incredible as it may seem (the circumnavigation of Mr. Liebling from belt buckle to belt buckle would take a fast man about 10.4 seconds), he is a trained boxer. "It is through Jack O'Brien," he says in his introduction, ". . . that I trace my rapport with the historic past through the laying-on of hands. He hit me, for pedagogical example, and he had been hit by the great Bob Fitzsimmons. . . . Fitzsimmons had been hit by Corbett, Corbett by John L. Sullivan, he by Paddy Ryan . . . and Ryan by Joe Goss . . . who as a young man had felt the fist of the great Jem Mace. It is a great thrill to feel that all that separates you from the early Victorians is a series of punches on the nose. . . ."



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The Queen's Aunt by Marriage

MARYA MANNES

THE HEART HAS ITS REASONS: THE MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR. *McKay $5.*

To say that Wallis Windsor's book is a good deal better than one expected may be faint praise, but it is praise nevertheless. For the expectation was that her story of her life would be shallow, vain, trivial, and defensive, and it is none of these. The severest criticism that can be leveled at the writing itself is that it is colorless, sometimes boring, and generally overgroomed—not a reaction out of place or a fumble showing. It is at once a candid and careful book, for though the Duchess is quite honest about the compelling fascination grand society held for her, the unswerving ambition that led her to seek it throughout her life is not admitted. The tragic union that crowned it appears rather as the fateful result of a sequence of fateful happenings.

The book makes only too clear the common fault of this couple: lack of judgment. Whether it concerns the friends they choose or the acts they perform (their appalling trip among the Nazis in Germany in 1937 is a prime example), their personal and political naïveté is astonishing in two people so much of the world. In the case of the Duchess especially, only a deep ignorance of British history and character could have made her so shocked and surprised at the royal family's total rejection of her and the abdicated king she married—a rejection that no preceding decency of motive on her part and no ensuing devotion to her husband could ever erase.

THE IRONY is that the devotion so palpable in this book cannot disguise her royal husband's fatal flaw: that willful and mutinous obstinacy which in the end neutralized his many fine qualities, so that now they are neither useful nor used.

What remains to these two—and this is what makes the story so tragic—is things: houses, furniture, clothes, and food. In all of these they show the taste so absent in their choice of people.

The Duchess often mentions the inherent sadness in the Duke's face—an expression apparent even at his life's crest. He lived in a closed and lonely world which only she, it appears, could open, warm, and inhabit. It would seem that only his flowers and his dogs inhabit that world today. «»

Book Notes

THE WORLD OF MATHEMATICS, edited by James R. Newman. (Four volumes.) *Simon and Schuster. $20.*

Here is a handsomely gotten-up anthology of the literature of mathematics, and what is surprising to a layman is how much of it really is literature. There is pleasurable browsing both for those to whom everything the other side of long division is *terra incognita* and for those who spend their nights brooding about the real function of a real variable. Eyes trained to see beauty bare will delight, for example, in Clarence Irving Lewis's paragraphs on symbolic logic, while for the rest of us there are such prizes as J. B. S. Haldane's charming essay "On Being the Right Size." (Readers exacerbated upon learning that Haldane cured himself of stomach ulcers by reading Engels will be soothed by his conclusion that it is "no easier to picture a completely socialized British Empire or United States than an elephant turning somersaults or a hippopotamus jumping a hedge.")

Each item is preceded and to a large degree explained by the editor's commentary. Mr. Newman, who has labored long and lovingly on these volumes, writes with humor and clarity.

DANGER AND OPPORTUNITY, by James P. Warburg. *Current Affairs Press. $0.50.*

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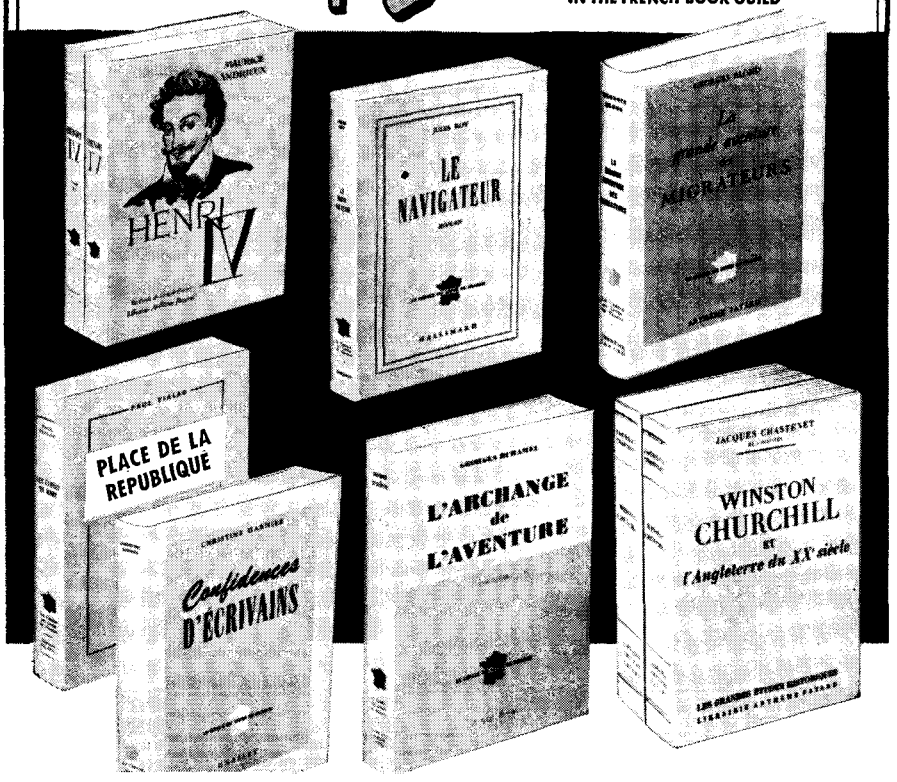

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and automatic dryers, the statistics the Soviets are willing to show us would indicate that most of the Soviet Union's annual increase goes into such things as steel, machinery, tools, and power-plant equipment—just what the underdeveloped countries crave. If trustworthy, the figures would also show that the Soviet Union is expanding economically at a faster rate than we are. In less than twenty years the Soviet Union might therefore become the chief source of supply for world economic development, achieving what could amount to "Communist victory without war."

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There are some charming stories of H.D.'s childhood, relived in rivalry with Freud's other patients to be not just his patient but his heir, and all projected back into Greek mythology. But the living man was surely something more than a prop in a private fantasy, however poetic, and the best tribute to Freud in the bookstores at this centenary of his birth is still the first two volumes of Ernest Jones's thoroughgoing biography.

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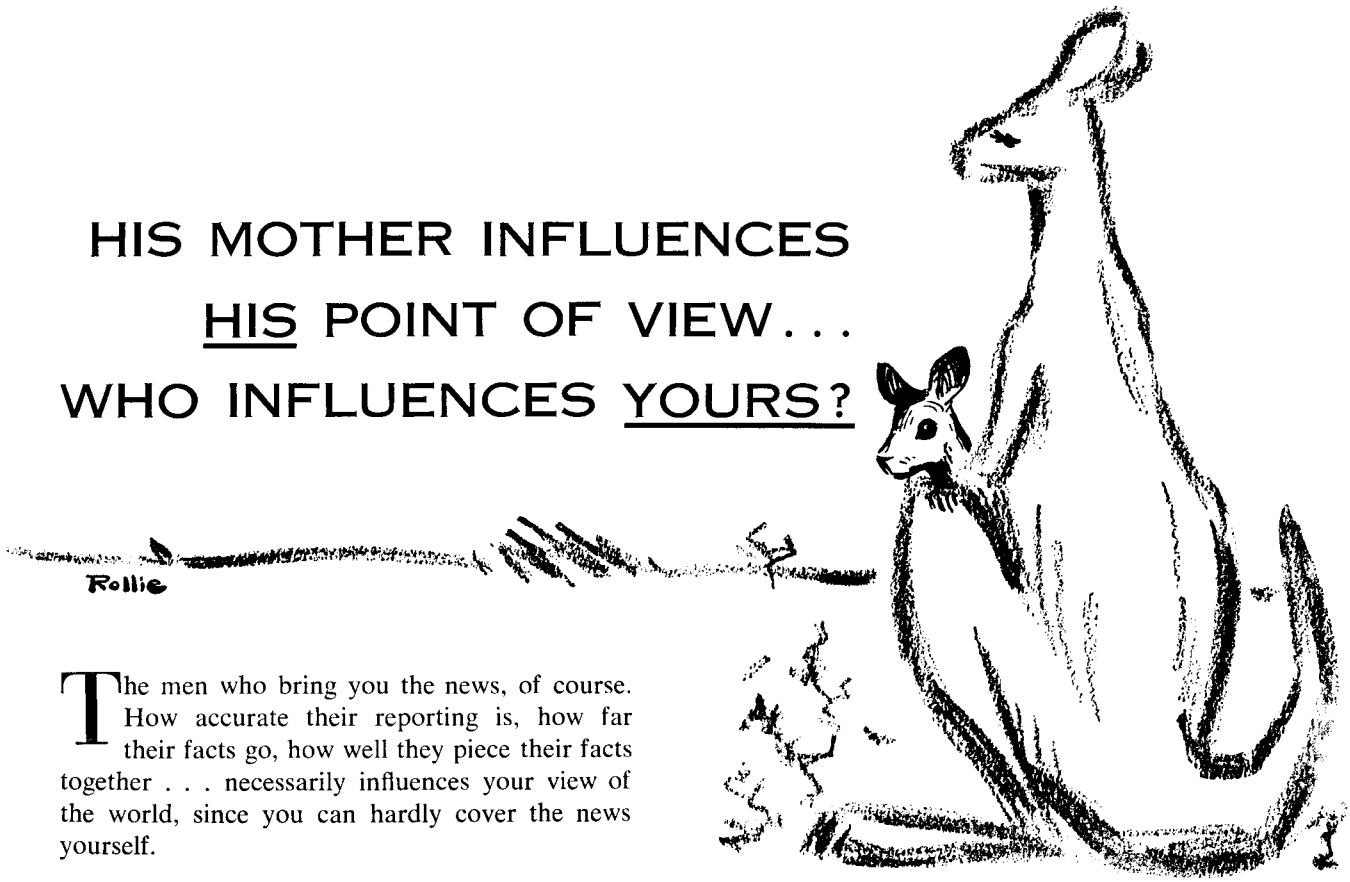

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